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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Albert Beakhust, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 5909, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dance, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allan, President; Patrick F. Reynolds, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. E Casey Sullivan, President; Miss Margaret Shea, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE TRISTLE, No. 8—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempstead. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catthérine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

RENWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—John W. Schwarz, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; James C. Walsh, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

GLEN MOLEON, No. 153—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening, when routine business was considered. As it was election night the meeting was not prolonged any longer than was necessary.

Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health	$1,131 17
Books, stationery and printing	181 07
City Asylum	741 26
Fire department	657 44
Incidentals	342 57
Lighting streets	2,974 72
Burial grounds	50 00
Dog Fund	34 00
Indexing Records	20 25
Land and other damages	2 40
Mumford School	22 10
Street signs	6 00
Touro Synagogue fund	321 33
Care of tuberculosis cases	207 11
Water supply	2,500 00
Touro ministerial and cemetery fund	35 00
Derby fuel fund	27 82
Various burial ground funds	228 50
Police	268 92
Poor Department	247 55
Public buildings	116 08
Public parks	923 53
Public schools	11,279 84
Streets and highways	1,536 93
Ward Meetings	830 54
	$25,022 55

Monthly reports were received from several departments. The Newport and Fall River Street Railway notified the board of its acceptance of the location for poles on Webster street. An appraisal of damages done to trees belonging to Edward Wyatt of Middletown was taken up and it was ordered that a demand be made on the owners of the dogs for the amount. Mr. G. Ashley Hazard presented an application for appointment as enumerator of births.

At the regular weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, routine business was transacted, bills and payrolls being approved. The Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company was given permission to extend its conduits through Champlin street. William E. Mumford and C. D. Heffernan were elected to take the census of births. A number of new street lights and a few changes in incandescent lights were ordered.

Charles Bocton of Pawtucket, a slater employed on a repair job at the Training Station, fell from the roof of Barracks C at the Station Tuesday morning, and received injuries which will probably result in his death. He is about thirty-five years of age. It is believed that he had a fit and fell to the ground, where he was found to be suffering from broken bones and internal injuries. He was taken to the naval hospital on the Station.

Mr. and Mrs. George O. Miles have returned from their wedding trip.

The City Election.

Mayor Boyle Elected for the Fourteenth Time—Board of Aldermen about the Same as at Present.

At the city election on Tuesday Patrick J. Boyle was for the fourteenth time elected mayor of Newport, defeating William P. Clarke by nearly 600 votes. By the admirable "non-partisan system" of voting, all the city offices were handed over to the Democrats, the non-partisanship consisting entirely of desertion of their candidates by the Republicans. All the members of the board of aldermen were re-elected by substantial pluralities, the vacancy caused by the death of James B. Cottrell in the fourth ward being filled by the election of John E. Leddy.

Election day was very quiet in the city, as had been the days immediately preceding it. There was little evidence of active working through the city, although there were many carriages and quite a number of workers near the polling places. There had been a number of different endorsements of some of the candidates, including mayor, board of aldermen, school committee and representative council, and in consequence as the voters went to the polls they were handed cards giving lists of candidates for whom to vote. There were also a number of placards displayed about the city, urging support of certain individual candidates. The Municipal Association took an active part in the campaign and had workers at the polls.

There were some surprises in the election, although those who were familiar with conditions did not believe that there would be any very radical change from last year. Mayor Boyle's election was generally expected but the tremendous plurality that he received exceeded all prophecies, every ward except the second giving him a majority. For the members of the board of aldermen there were many conjectures as to the result, but it was felt that where the Republican candidate had the best chance was the fourth ward, where William F. Adams was running against John E. Leddy, Garrett M. Kirwin and Maurice Butler.

The election of John P. Sullivan to the school committee was a great surprise, especially the size of the vote that he received. He did not crawl in at the tail end of the procession but was at the head of the list, this being accomplished by his friends voting for him alone and not for any of the other candidates.

For members of the representative council there were a few changes, but the general complexion of the council next year will not be very far different from what it is now. There were a few of the retiring members defeated in the various wards and a few new names made their appearance, the Democrats making slight gains in several wards.

It was a late hour Tuesday night before the result of the election was positively known. In some of the wards all the votes were counted straight through the list so that no report was made until the count was completed. In other wards the vote for mayor was counted first, and the third ward was the first to give any suggestion as to how the election was going. When this ward reported a small majority for Mayor Boyle, his election was at once conceded and many of those who had come in town to learn the result went home at once, as the weather was too unpleasant to stand in the open air.

The board of aldermen began the official count of the ballots Wednesday morning and it was Friday noon before it was finished. A number of changes were made from the figures reported by the wardens, and several candidates for the council elected by the wardens' count were defeated by the official count.

The official figures are as follows:

MAYOR.

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Boyle,	551	402	352	422	408	2130
Clarke,	321	326	343	230	199	1529

Plurality for Boyle, 601.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

Ward 1.

Albro,	289	442	261	330	468	1791
Rogers,	321	315	276	158	125	1193

Plurality for Albro, 598.

Ward 2.

Shepley,	434	639	459	456	478	2466

Plurality for Shepley, 2,388.

Ward 3.

Austin,	258	377	263	151	119	1268
Mahoney,	284	367	276	321	452	1690

Plurality for Mahoney, 422.

Ward 4.

Adams,	211	352	170	107	65	905
Butler,	68	64	52	57	65	311
Kirwin,	57	117	109	106	230	619
Leddy,	168	212	191	230	221	1021

Plurality for Leddy, 187.

Ward 5.

Anthony,	273	419	253	171	151	1302
Kelly,	258	323	245	323	485	1630

Plurality for Kelly, 328.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Bacheller,	407	619	415	278	208	1928
Cozzens,	405	628	440	255	215	1973
Manchester	357	601	394	250	184	1786
Peckham,	408	651	449	338	217	2028
Sullivan,	327	357	308	391	567	1948

Elected, Messrs. Thomas F. Peckham, William J. Cozzens, John P. Sullivan, and Robert C. Bachelier.

REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL.
(3 Years)

WARD ONE

Bachelier, George W., Jr.	327
Friend, John M.	319
Allan, John J.	311
Lawton, Fletcher W.	291
Fike, Willard L.	287
Kerr, Robert	271
Easterbrooks, C. A.	268
Marks, John H.	252
Beattie, C. F.	236
Hanley, William A.	226
Asher, Jonathan, Jr.	220
Ellis, Edward	216
Graham, Richard D.	218
Therien, Edward P.	207
Anderson, Jacob	205
Tierney, Timothy	108
Sullivan, John V.	101
Collins, William F.	100
Burke, John D.	186
Harvey, Harry O.	185
Pearson, Frank W.	180
James, Franklyn	178
Barker, John	173
Harrington, Philip D.	165
Noonan, Arthur C.	162
Mullaly, John A.	162
Cady, George W.	155
Drew, James M.	153

WARD TWO

Colton, Joseph P.	564
Burdick, Clark	552
Peckham, Thomas P.	528
Congdon, Thomas B.	510
King, Peter	502
Aylesworth, Thomas	502
Hassard, Horace N.	479
Langley, William H.	472
Gibson, Thomas J.	465
McMahon, Andrew K.	461
Gilflith, Edward	459
Thompson, S. S.	452
Perry, Gardner S.	401
Frank, O. Philip	386
Wood, Harry D.	362
Hass, Albert F.	361
O'Sullivan, Alexander M.	306

WARD THREE

Barker, R. R.	360
Horton, J. W.	359
Sherman, Edward A.	356
Barker, C. F.	352
Bullum, W. P.	349
Brackett, C. A.	347
Hammett, Fred M.	333
Lawton, C. C.	330
Luther, H. H.	302
Luce, Stephen B.	300
Atwater, Charles R.	279
Ramsay, George D.	252
Rooney, James J.	245
Barker, J. Alton	237
Johnson, Myles J.	232
Van Horn, Francis C.	229
Pitman, T. T.	218
Ellis, George H.	185
Keeley, John F.	168
Jacobs, Jacob A.	163

(One Year.)

Milne, William O.	292

WARD FOUR.

Diggles, Joseph A.	312
Maher, William A.	311
Kirby, Joseph J.	308
Corrigan, James	300
Faerber, Peter	295
Welch, Patrick H.	298
Carroll, H. V.	288
Carney, Joseph P.	268
Harrington, J. J.	268
Byrnes, W. B.	255
Bachelier, Dudley P.	252
Muller, Richard	231
McCarthy, John P.	231
Gaughan, Luke	228
Jaslet, Harry	226
Blessl, Robert G.	221
Young, William H.	216
Barrett, Joseph	208
Moy, John P.	206
Gough, Thomas F.	122
David, Nathan	65

WARD FIVE.

Blake, John W.	401
Martin, James J.	390
Murphy, Michael J.	383
Martin, Robert J.	365
Voigt, Ernest	357
Vaughan, Michael P.	347
MacMahon, John J.	346
Sullivan, James J	344
Sullivan, Michael J.	343
Connell, John J.	340
McCarthy, James,	309
Johnson, Patrick J.	280
Conheeney, Patrick J.	277
Duncan, Michael J.	268
Dempsey, William	253
Parsonage, Joseph B.	237
Sullivan, Mortimer L.	236
Hayes, Patrick J.	222
Malley, Charles H.	214
O'Connor, Peter J.	190

Hereafter the funds for the use of the government at the Training Station, the Coaling Station, the Naval War College, and the other government stations here will be kept on deposit at the Aquidneck National Bank in this city instead of being carried in Boston as heretofore. Some two million dollars a year are expended in Newport for the various government establishments.

Mayor Boyle has so far recovered from the effects of his recent illness and operation as to be able to attend the sessions of the board of aldermen while the votes were being counted for the city election.

Mr. A. H. Carson of Allenton, R. I., formerly a well known resident of Newport, is seriously ill at his residence in the former place.

Senator Wetmore and Representative Sheffield have introduced numerous pension bills the past week.

Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Jr., died at her home in New York last Saturday.

Unity Club Dramatic Evening.

The first regular "dramatic evening" of the season was held on Tuesday last, when the president of the club, Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, Jr., had charge of the program.

Over 20 new names were offered for membership and these, with the new members admitted at the opening meeting, make an increase of 62 new members to the Club this season. This increase in membership indicates that the program arranged by the executive committee is a popular one.

The play read on Tuesday was the well known comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" by Oliver Goldsmith. Mr. Taylor in his opening remarks referred to the fact that the first performance of this comedy had taken place in the year 1773—over 135 years ago and expressed his opinion that it was a most singular fact, that, with the exception of Shakespeare's works but three of the old comedies of the 18th century still hold the stage at this day. These three plays are "The Rivals," "School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer" and that the public should demand these productions to-day is a remarkable tribute to their authors. Mr. Taylor said: "The change in names and customs, makes it especially difficult for a comedy to appeal successfully to two different generations. If such a success is achieved, it is safe to say that the comedy must be founded upon something more solid than current folly and must possess sufficient literary and dramatic power to make it deserving of such revival."

"The Mistakes of a Night," "The Old House—A New Inn," "The Belle's Stratagem" were some of the many suggested titles for this play, but "She Stoops to Conquer" was finally adopted, the suggestion being taken from Dryden's lines

"The prostrate lion, when he lowest lies,
But kneels to conquer, and but stoops to rise."

A song which originally was in this play, and which was to be sung by Miss Hardcastle, never appeared in the printed play, as it was cut out before the first production, as the actress taking the part was unable to sing. Through the care of Boswell this song may be found amongst Goldsmith's poems, however—its title is "The Humors of Ballamagairy"—and begins "Ah mel whom shall I marry me?"—

The plot of "She Stoops to Conquer" was suggested to Oliver Goldsmith through a personal mistake he made himself, and the characters of Young Marlow and Tony Lumpkin reflect certain characteristics of the author also.

The reading of the play on Tuesday was admirably done and gave great pleasure to the audience. Almost 225 people were present.

Doctor A. F. Squire as Hardcastle was probably the star performer, and it is certain he never was heard to better advantage. His portrayal of the genial and pompous Squire Hardcastle, from beginning to end, was a masterly and fine piece of dramatic work. All of the readers, however, read well, and if Tuesday's performance may be taken as a sample of the evenings arranged for this season—it is safe to prophesy that the Unity Club will have a brilliant and successful season.

The various readers were:

Hardcastle—Dr. A. F. Squire.
Sir Charles—Mr. H. W. Lull.
Hastings—Mr. F. M. Greenlaw.
Marlow—Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, Jr.
Tony Lumpkin—Mr. W. McLeod.
Stingo &c—Mr. H. L. Taylor.
Mrs. Hardcastle—Miss S. W. Swinburne.
Miss Hardcastle—Miss I. Lull.
Miss Neville—Miss E. Bradley
Maid—Miss G. Brazier.

Barney's New Store.

Barney's Music Store is now in possession of its handsome new home in the Walter Sherman building on Thames street. The move was made Monday night after closing time, when the pianos and other large instruments in the old store were hustled over the sidewalk for the short distance between the old and new stores and placed safely inside the building. No wagons were required to help in the moving, as the distance was very short. The appearance of the new store is in every way satisfactory and gives a splendid opportunity to display the large stock as well as to demonstrate the various instruments. The lower floor has the administrative offices, and the salesroom for music and small instruments, and there is also a good display of pianos, but the piano salesroom proper will be on the second floor where there is splendid light and lots of room for a full examination of a large line of pianos, and accessories.

Some time Thursday night entrance was effected at the rear of Hall & Lyons store and about fifty dollars' worth of goods taken, mostly cigars and perfumery. The break was made by some one or more persons acquainted with the premises. The police are working up the case.

Elks Memorial Service.

The annual lodge of sorrow of Newport Lodge, No. 4, B. P. O. Elks, was held at the Newport Opera House last Sunday afternoon, and as usual there was a large attendance, every chair being occupied and many being unable to gain admission to the house. The affair was in charge of a committee consisting of Exalted Ruler J. Frank Albro, Past Exalted Rulers D. J. McGowan and John T. Allan, Arthur B. Commerford and Joseph T. Gibson. The stage was attractively decorated, the Elk's head being in the center and there were forty-one electric lamps representing those members who have died.

After the Howard orchestra had rendered a number of appropriate selections the curtain was raised disclosing the officers of the Lodge on the stage. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes offered prayer and Mrs. Mary Curley Rooney sang "O, Divine Redeemer." Hon. George H. Utter of Westerly, former Governor of Rhode Island, delivered the oration in his usual masterly style and was followed with the closest attention by all present. Although not a long one, his address was of great interest and the speaker swayed his audience at will. At its conclusion there was a duet by Mrs. Rooney and Mr. Thomas B. Connolly, "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, delivered the eulogy, and his address also was a stirring one. At its conclusion, Mrs. Rooney rendered a solo, and the roll of deceased members was read by Secretary William J. McCormick, a light being extinguished for each name. A tableau was presented at the rear of the stage, Mrs. Sadie W. Cosgrove representing a woman with a bouquet of love and memory. Mr. Connolly sang "Only Waiting." The exercises closed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Hughes.

Hearings on Taxation.

The joint special committee on taxation are going to give hearings in the State House, Providence, on matters pertaining to taxation. The first hearing takes place next Thursday. The subject will be Local Option in Taxation. The second will be Monday, December 20, and the subject, Inheritance Tax; the third Tuesday, Dec. 21, subject, Rule and plan of taxation for intangible personal property and mortgages; Thursday, Dec. 23, subject, Debt exemption and taxation of tangible personal property to individuals where located; Dec. 27, State tax commission, and uniform date of assessment; Dec. 28, Taxation of Corporations. These hearings will begin at 2 o'clock each day, and the subjects are of sufficient importance to attract a large assemblage of people.

Newport Dorcas Society

The weekly meetings of the Dorcas Society for sewing and distribution will be resumed on Friday, Dec. 10, at 2 p. m., at Trinity Guild room. The needs are great and more helpers are much desired—both for sewing and support. Contributions of clothing may be sent to the Guild rooms on Fridays. Checks or money will be gratefully received by

MRS. A. K. SHERMAN
Treasurer.

12 Clarke St.

Manuel Seaman pleaded guilty to two charges of larceny in the police court Monday morning and was fined $25 on each charge. Not having the money he had to go to Cranston to work for the State until the amount charged up to him is cancelled. He was invited to spend Sunday night at the home of two Portuguese and in the middle of the night his hosts awoke to find him gone and all their loose money missing at the same time. Officer Enleeck caught the man while headed out into the country.

"The Long Lost Hittites" was the subject of the fifth lecture in the University Extension course at the Rogers High School by Dr. Banks on Monday evening. The course this year is considering the general subject of "The Recovery of Forgotten Empires."

Work began Thursday tearing down the Germania Hotel building, one of the old landmarks of Newport. On the premises a new building will be erected which will be a German ratskeller. The new building will be completed May 1st.

Governor Pothier appointed Congressman William Paine Sheffield of this city and Representative William C. Bliss of East Providence delegates to the National Rivers and Harbors Congress at Washington this week.

Mr. Henry W. Clarke, principal of the Lenthal School, passed his eightieth birthday on Friday. He is still hale and hearty, and his many friends wish him many more years of life and happiness.

Mr. Benjamin A. Peckham observed the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth on Sunday.

Money for Newport.

The United States Naval Torpedo Station in this city will receive $187,100 for maintenance and development during the next year if the estimate figured by the Secretary of the Treasury for necessary expenses next year is approved by Congress.

Included in the estimates for the Torpedo Station are those for labor and material in the general care, maintenance and repair to the grounds buildings, wharves, boats, instruction instruments, tools, experiment and general torpedo outfits, for which $70,000 is apportioned; speed machinery and boats for torpedo factory, $60,000; high pressure air plant, including air compressors and air storage, $10,000. This makes a total of $180,000 for the maintenance of the property at this point.

In addition to this $57,100 is estimated for one general storage warehouse for the storage of materials for manufacturing purposes and uses of the station, $50,000; three electric lanterns, $2,100; electric conduit wires and fittings for lighting, telephone and watchman clock system of the station and cable to Rose Island and extra cable to Newport, $5,000.

Block Island is especially favored in the estimates, as it is to receive a total of $117,500 for the maintenance of improvement of the old harbor and for the completion of the improvement of the Great Salt pond, the estimate for the latter being $105,000. The harbor of refuge at Point Judith is to receive $20,000.

Knightly Greetings.

The members of Washington Commandery, No. 1, K. T., of Newport, in common with Knights Templars all over the land, will on Christmas day, at 12 o'clock noon, assemble in their Asylum to do honor to the Grand Master of Templars. And this is the Greeting they send him.

To our Most Eminent Grand Master, HENRY WARREN RUGG, with Christmas Greetings: May his future be as bright as his shining path of achievement.

To which the Grand Master makes the following response.

To the Soldiery of the Temple, the Knighthood of the Cross, the Brotherhood of Christian Chivalry,—two hundred thousand strong,—Greeting and Godspeed:

It is with profound emotion and grateful appreciation that I respond to the suggestive sentiment, honoring me by its personal reference. Comrades together, we have touched hearts and hands in Temple faith and works. The prestige of the past, the power of the present, the promise of the future, may well inspire us to continued loyal loving service for our cherished Order. Prosperous and strong to-day as never before, it is one of the world's mightiest forces to translate the truth of the Christian message into mutual helpfulness and universal brotherhood.

Middletown.

A special musical service was given last Sunday at the morning service at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. The vested choir from St. George's School under their musical director, Mr. Walter Ruhl Cowles, gave Steiner's communion service in F, assisted by F. J. McCloskey, violin. Rev. Edward Drown, D. D., of the Cambridge Theological School, gave a fine address upon "The Christian Ministry." There was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist by the rector, Rev. Latta Griswold, assisted by Rev. John B. Diman.

The young people of the West Side are giving weekly whists in the Middletown Free Library for the benefit of the running expenses.

Mr. Howard R. Peckham, who this summer purchased the Van Alstyne property on 3d Beach Road, is improving the entire estate in a most thorough manner. The house and adjoining buildings have been renovated and painted, old trees have been cut down, and new walls built. The present dwelling will be used by Mr. Peckham's farmer and later he will build on the land fronting on Green End avenue.

Elaborate preparations are being made this year to observe Christmas at the Peabody School, under the direction of the teacher, Miss Bertha Morrison. Of special prominence on the program will be the play entitled "Santa Klaus' Workshop."

Some of the ponds and brooks are showing a small flow of water, the first for four months.

Miss Clarabell B. P. Grinnell has recently been engaged in the book-keeping department at Brown & Sharpe's, Providence.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society will be held at the Methodist Parsonage next Thursday. The subject will be "South America; the making of the Republics."

Mrs. Alfred Hazard, who is collecting jellies and preserves for St. Mary's Orphanage, Providence, expects to forward them Christmas week. Last year she had the contents for two boxes given. She also makes and sends personally a box of clothing each year. The ladies of St. Columba's Guild for many years have devoted their time from the date of their annual fair to within a week of Christmas in working for this worthy Diocesan charity, which, though conducted under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal church, receives children from any denomination.

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE JOY OF TEMPTATION.

THERE was but little sleep in the chateau that night. The charity ball was forgotten or, if recalled at all, only in connection with the thought of what it came so near to costing its promoters.

No further disturbances occurred. A strict watch was preserved; the picturesque drawbridge was lifted, and there were lights on the terrace and galleries; men slept within easy reach of their weapons. The siege had begun in earnest. Men had been slain, and their blood was crying out for vengeance; the voice of justice was lost in the clamorings of rage.

The princess was quite serene. She lightly announced that the present state of affairs was no worse than that which she was accustomed to at home. The court of Rapp-Thorberg was ever in a state of unrest, despite its outward suggestion of security. Outbreaks were common among the masses. Somehow they were suppressed before they grew large enough to be noticed by the wide world.

"We invariably come out on top," she philosophized, "and so shall we here. At home we always eat, drink and make merry, for tomorrow never comes."

Soon after breakfast was over Chase announced his intention to visit each of the gates in turn. The princess strolled with him as far as the bridge at the foot of the terrace. They stopped in the shade of a clump of trees that hung upon the edge of the stream. As they were gravely discussing the events of the night Neenah came up to them from beyond the bridge. She salaamed gracefully to the "sahib." She had no eyes for royalty.

"Excellency," she began breathlessly, "it is Selim who would have private speech with the most gracious sahib. It is to be quick, excellency. Selim is under the ground, excellency."

"In the cellars?"

"Yes, excellency. It is so dark there that one cannot see, but Neenah will lead you. Selim has sent me. But come now!"

Chase felt his ears burn when he turned to find a delicate, significant smile on Genevra's lips. "Don't let me detain you," she said, ever so politely.

"Wait, please!" he exclaimed. "Is Selim hurt?" he demanded of Neenah, who shook her head vigorously.

"Then there is no reason why you should not accompany us, princess."

"I am not at all necessary to the undertaking," she said coldly, turning to leave him.

"Selim has found fuses and gunpowder laid in the cellars, excellency—in the secret vaults," began Neenah eagerly, divining the cause of the white lady's hesitation.

This astounding piece of news swept away the feeble barrier Genevra would have erected in her pique. She consented to accompany Chase into the cellars, a spirit of adventure overcoming certain scruples which might have restrained her under other conditions.

Neenah led them through the wine cellars and down into the vaults beyond the dungeons. The princess clutched Chase's hand tightly as they stole through the bleak, chill corridor. She found herself wondering if the girl was to be trusted. What if she were leading them into a trap? She would have whispered her fears into Chase's ear had not a sharp "Sh!" come from the girl who was leading. Genevra felt a queer little throb of hatred for the girl—she could not explain it.

The dungeon was off to the right. They could hear the insistent murmur of voices, with now and then a laugh from the distant cells. The guard could be heard scoffing at his charges. With a caution that seemed wholly absurd to the two white people, Neenah guided them through the maze of narrow passages, dark as Erebus and chill as the grave. Chase checked a hysterical impulse to laugh aloud at the proceedings. It was like playing at a children's game.

He was walking between the two women, Neenah ahead, Genevra behind. Each clasped one of his hands. Suddenly he found himself experiencing an overpowering desire to exert the strength of his arm to draw the princess close—close to his insistent body. The touch of her flesh, the clutch of her cold little hand, filled him with the most exquisite sense of possession. The magnetism of life charged from one to the other, striking fire to the blood. He was forgetting Neenah, forgetting himself, thinking only of the opportunity and its fascination. In another instant he would have drawn her hand to his lips. Neenah came to a standstill and uttered a warning whisper. Chase recovered himself with a mighty start, a chill as of one avoiding an unseen peril sweeping over him. Genevra heard the sharp, painful intake of his breath and felt the sudden relaxation of his fingers. She was not puzzled. She, too, had felt the magic of the touch, and her blood was surging red. She knew then that she had been clasping his hand with a fervor that was as unmistakable as it was shameless.

Neenah may have felt the magnetic current that coursed through these surcharged creatures. She was smiling mysteriously to herself.

"Wait here," she whispered to Chase, ever so softly. She released his hand and moved off in the blackness of the passage. "I will bring Selim," came back to them.

"Oh!" fell faintly, tremulously, from Genevra's lips. It was a trap, after all! But it was not the trap laid by a traitor. She fell all aquiver. Her heart fluttered violently; her breath came quickly. Alone with him, and their blood leaping to the touch that thrilled!

Chase could no more have restrained the hand that went out suddenly in quest of hers than he could have checked his own heart throbs. A wave of exquisite joy swept over him—the joy of a temptation that knew no fear, no conscience. He found her cold little hand and clasped it in tense fingers—fingers that throbbed with the call to passion. He drew her close; their bodies touched and sweetly trembled.

"Are you afraid?" he whispered in tones he had never heard before.

"Yes," she murmured convulsively—"of you! Please, please, don't!" At the same time she tightened her clutch upon his hand and crept closer to him, governed by an inconquerable craving. Chase had the sensation of smothering. He could not believe the senses which told him that she was responding to his appeal.

"Genevra!" he murmured, almost gasped, in his delirium. His arms went about her slender figure suddenly, and she was strained to his breast, locked to him with bonds that seemed unbreakable. Her face was lifted to his. The blackness of the passage was impenetrable, but love was the guide. He found her lips in one wild, glorious kiss.

A door creaked sharply. He released her. Their quivering arms fell away. They drew ever so slightly apart, still under the control of the influence which had held them for that brief moment. She was trembling violently. A soft, wailing sigh as of pain came from her lips.

Then the glimmer of a light came to them through the half open door at the end of the passage. They gazed at it without comprehension, dumb in their sudden weakness. A shadowy figure came out through the door, and Selim's voice, low and tense, called to them.

"Forgive me," he murmured.

"It is too late," she replied. Then his hand sought hers again, and, dizzy with emotion, he led her up to the open door. As they passed into the huge, dimly lighted chamber he turned to look into her face. She met his gaze, and there were tears in her eyes. Selim was ahead of them. She shook her head sadly, and he understood.

"Can we ever forget?" she murmured plaintively.

"Never!" he whispered.

"Then we shall always regret—always regret!" she said, withdrawing her hand. "It was the beginning and the end."

"Not the end, dearest one—if we are always to regret," he interposed eagerly. "But why the end? You do love me! I know it! And I worship you—oh, you don't know how I worship you, Genevra! I"—

"Hush! We were fools! Don't, please! I do *not* love you. I was carried away by— Oh, can't you understand? Remember what I am! You knew and yet you have degraded me in my own eyes. Is my own self respect nothing? You will laugh and you may boast after I am married to"—

"Genevra!" he protested as if in great pain.

"Excellency," came from the lips of Selim at the lower end of the chamber, breaking in sharply upon their little world, "there is no time to be lost." Time to be lost! And he had held her in his arms! Time to be lost! All the rest of time was to be lost! "They may return at any moment."

Chase pulled himself together. He looked into her eyes for a moment, finding nothing there but a command to go. She stood straight and unyielding on the very spot which had seen her trembling with emotion but a moment before.

"Coming, Selim," he said, and moved away from her side as Neenah came toward them from the opposite wall. Genevra did not move. She stood quite still and numb, watching his tall figure crossing the stone floor. Ah, what a man he was! The little Persian wife of Selim, after waiting for a full minute, gently touched the arm of the princess. Genevra started and looked down into the dark, accusing, smiling eyes. She flushed deeply and hated herself.

"Shall we go back?" she asked nervously. "I—I have seen enough. Come, Neenah! Lead me back to"—

"Most glorious excellency," said Neenah, shaking her pretty head, "we are to wait here. The sahib and Selim will join us soon."

"Where are they going?" demanded the princess, a feeling of awe coming over her. "I don't want to be left here alone." Chase and Selim had opened a low, heavy iron door at the lower end and were peering into the darkness beyond.

"Selim will explain. He has learned much. It is the secret passage to the coast. Be not afraid."

Genevra looked about her for the first time. They were standing in a long, low room, the walls of which reeked with dampness and gave out a noxious odor. A single electric light provided a faint, almost unnatural light. Selim raised a lighted lantern as he led Chase through the squat door. Behind Genevra were enormous casks, a dozen or more, reaching almost to the ceiling. A number of boxes stood close by, while on the opposite side of the chamber four small iron chests were to be seen, dragged out from recesses in the distant corner. Observing her look of wonder, Neenah vouchsafed a casual explanation.

"It is the wine cellar and the storeroom. The iron chests contain the silver and gold plate that came from the great rajah of Murpat in exchange for the five huge rubies which now adorn his crown. The old sahibs stored the chests here many years ago, but few know of their existence. See! They were hidden in the walls over there. Von Blitz has found them."

"Von Blitz!" in amazement.

"He has been here. He has carried away many chests. There were twenty in all."

"And—and he will return for these?" queried the princess in alarm.

"Assuredly, most glorious one. Soon, perhaps. But be not afraid. Selim can close the passage door. He cannot get in. He will be fooled, eh? Why should you be afraid? Have you not with you the most wonderful, the most brave sahib? Would he not give his life for you?" The dark eyes sparkled with understanding—aye, even mischief. Genevra felt that this oriental witch knew everything. For a long time she looked in uncertain mood upon that smiling, wistful face. Then she said softly, moved by an irresistible impulse to confess something, even obscurely:

"Oh, if only I were such as you, Neenah, and could live forever on this dear island!"

"But, most high, there are no princes here. There is no one to whom the most gracious one could be sold. No one who could pay more than a dozen rubies. Women are cheap here, and you would be a woman, not a most beautiful princess."

"I would not care to be a princess, perhaps."

"You love my Sahib Chase?" demanded Neenah abruptly, eagerly.

"Neenah!" gasped Genevra, with a startled look. Neenah looked intently into the unsteady, blue gray eyes and then bent over to kiss the hand of the princess. The latter laughed almost aloud in her confusion. She caught herself up quickly and said with some asperity: "You foolish child, I am to become a prince's wife. How can I love your sahib? What nonsense! I am to marry a prince, and he is not to pay for me in rubies."

"Ah, how wonderful!" cried Neenah, with ravishing candor. "A prince for a husband and the glorious Sahib

Jacob von Blitz stepped into the light.

Chase for a lover all your life! Ah!" The exclamation was no less than a sigh of rapturous indorsement.

The princess stared at her first in consternation, then in dismay. Before she could find words to combat this alarming prophecy, so ingeniously presented to her reflections, Selim and Hollingsworth Chase returned to the chamber. She was distressed, even confounded, to find that she was staring at Chase with a strange, abashed curiosity growing in her eyes—a stare that she suddenly was afraid he might observe and appreciate. A wave of revulsion, of shame, spread over her whole being.

With the swiftness of lightning she recalled the things that had been said of more than one grand dame in Europe—aye, of women at her own court. Even a princess she had known who—but for shame! she cried in her heart. It could not be. Despite herself a cruel, distressing shyness came over her as he approached, his eyes glowing with the light she feared, yet craved. Was this man to remain in her life? *Was he!* Would he come to her and wage the unfair war? Was he honest? Was he even now coveting her as other men had coveted the women she knew and despised? She found herself confronted by the shocking conviction that he knew she could never be his wife. He knew she was to wed another, and yet— it was unbelievable.

She met his eager advance with a quick, shrill laugh of defiance and noted the surprise in his eyes. Dim as the light was, she could have sworn that the look in those eyes was honest. Ah, that silly Neenah! The reaction was as sudden as the revolt had been. Her smile grew warm and shy.

"Von Blitz has been here," he was saying half diffidently, still searching deep in her eyes. "He's played his game and he's likely to return at any minute."

"Then let us go quickly. I have no desire to meet the objectionable Mr. Von Blitz. Isn't it dreadfully dangerous here, Mr. Chase?"

"Mr. Chase?" he said, with his winning smile. "Now?"

"Yes, now and always Mr. Chase," she said steadily. "You know that it cannot be otherwise. I can't always be a fool."

His face turned a deep red; his lips parted for retort to this truculent estimate, but he controlled himself.

"Yes, it is dangerous here," he said quietly, answering her question. "As soon as Selim bars that door upon the inside we'll go. I was a fool to bring you here."

"How could you know what the dangers would be?" she asked.

"I'll confess I didn't expect Von Blitz," he said dryly.

"But you did expect"— she began, with a start, biting her lips.

"There's a vast difference between expectation and hope, princess." Neenah had joined Selim at the door when the men re-entered the chamber. Now she was approaching with her husband.

"May Allah bless you and profit for himself, excellencies," said the good Selim. Neenah plainly had advanced her suspicions to the brown body servant. Genevra blushed, and then her eyes blazed. She gave the girl a fearful look. Neenah smiled happily, unreservedly, in return.

"Allah help us, you should say, if Von Blitz returns," interposed Chase hastily. "Is the door barred?"

"No, excellency. The bars have sprung. I cannot drop them in place. As you know, the lock has been blown away. The charge sprung the bolts. We must go at once."

"Then there is no way to keep them out of the chateau?" cried Genevra anxiously.

"They can go no farther than this room," explained Selim. "We lock the double iron doors from the other side—the door through which you came, most glorious excellency—and they cannot enter the cellars above. This is the chamber which opens into the underground passage to the coast. The passage was made for escape from the chateau in case of trouble and was known to but few. My father was the servant of Sahib Wyckholme, and I used to live in the chateau.

"Once there was a boat, a launch, which lay hidden below the cliffs on the north coast. The passage led to this boat. It was always ready to put out to sea. But one night it was destroyed by the great rocks which fell from the cliffs in an earthquake. When I came here I at once thought of the passage. You will see that the doors into the cellar cannot be opened from this chamber. The locks and bolts are on the other side. I knew where the keys were hidden. It was easy to unlock the doors and come into this room. I found that some one had been here before me. The door to the passage had been forced open from without, cracked by dynamite. Many of the treasure boxes have been removed. Von Blitz was here not an hour ago. He wears boots. I saw the footprints among the naked ones in the passage. They will come back for the other chests. Then they will blow up the passageway with powder, and escape from the chateau through it will be cut off. I have found the kegs of powder in the passage and have destroyed the fuses. It will be of no avail, sahib. They will blow it up at the other end, which will be just the same."

"There's no time to be lost," cried Chase. "We must bring enough men down here to capture them when they return—shoot 'em if necessary. Come on! We can surprise them if we hurry."

They were starting across the chamber toward the door when a gruff, sepulchral oath came rolling up to the chamber through the secret passage. Quick as a flash Selim, who realized that they could not reach and open the door leading to the stairs, turned in among the huge wine casks, first blinding his lantern. He whispered for the others to follow. In a moment they were squeezing themselves through the narrow spaces between the dark, strong smelling casks, back into a darkness so opaque that it seemed lifeless.

"They won't suspect that we are here," whispered Selim as the door to the passage creaked. "Keep quiet! Don't breathe!"

The single electric light was still burning as Selim had found it when he first came. The door swung open slowly, heavily, and Jacob von Blitz, mud covered, reeking with perspiration and panting savagely, stepped into the light. Behind him came a man with a lantern and behind him two others.

They were white men, all. Von Blitz turned suddenly and cursed the man with the lantern. The fellow was ready to drop with exhaustion. Evidently it had been no easy task to remove the chests.

CHAPTER XXII.

SEVERAL PHILOSOPHERS.

THE four burly men sat down upon the chests, Von Blitz alone being visible to the watchers. They were fagged to the last extreme.

"Dis is der last," panted Von Blitz, blowing hard and stretching his big arms. "I fix him," he growled. "His time vill come, by tam! I let him know he can't take my vives away mit him. Der dog! I fix him some day purdy soon. Und dem tam rimmens! Dey run away mit him, eh? Ach, Gott, if I could only put my hands by deir necks yet!"

"Vat for you fret, Yacob?" growled one of the Boers. "You couldn't take dose rimmens back by Europe mit you. I tink you got goot luck by losing dem. Misder Chase can't take dem back needer. Don't fret."

"Vell," said Von Blitz, arising, "come on, boys. Dis is der last of dem. Den ve blow der tam t'ing up. Grab hold dere, Joost. Up mit it, Jan. Vat? No?"

"Gott in himmel, Yacob, vait a minutes! My back is broke!" protested Joost stubbornly. Von Blitz swore steadily for a minute, but could not move the impassive Boers.

"Vat for you bink I vant you in on dis, you swine? To set around und dream? Nobody else knows about dis treasures, und ve got it all for ourselves—ve four und no more, und you say, 'Vat's der hurry?' It's all ours. Ve divide it oop in der cave mit all der money ve get from der bank. Vat? Yes? Den, ven der time comes, ve send it all by Australia und no von is der viser. Der natives von't know, und der white peebles von't be alive to care about it."

"I don't like dot scheme to rob der bank," growled Jan. "If der peeples get on to us, dey vould cut us to bieces."

"But dey von't get on to us, you fool. Dey vouldn't take it demselves if it vas handed to dem. Dey're too honest—yes. Vell, don't dey say ve're honest too? Vell, vat more you vant? Dey don't know how much money und rubles dere is in der bank. Ve von't take all of it—und dey von't know der difference. Ve burn der books. Das is all. Ve get in by der bank tonight, boys."

"I don't like id," said Joost. "Id's stealing from our freunds, Yacob. Besides, if der oder heirs should go before der government mit der story, vat den?"

"Der oder heirs vill never get der chance, boys. Dey vill die mit der plague—ha, ha! Sure! Dere von't be no oder heirs. Rasula says it must be so. Ve can't vait, boys. It vill be years before der business is settled. Ve must get vat ve can now and vait for der decision afterwards. Brodney has wrote to Rasula, saying dat dot Chase feller is to stay here vedder ve want him or not. He says Chase is a goot mann. By tam, it makes me cry to think of vot he has done by me—dot goot mann!"

To the amazement of all the burly German began to blubber.

"Come on, Yacob," said Jan gruffly.

Von Blitz shook his fist at the door across the chamber and thundered his final maledictions.

"Sir John says in der letter to Misder Chase dere is n movements on foot in London to settle der contest out of court," volunteered Joost.

"Sure, but he also say dat ve all may die mit old age before it is over yet."

"Don't forget der plague!" said Jan.

They groaned mightily as they lifted the heavy chests to their shoulders and started for the door.

"Close der door, Jan," commanded Von Blitz from the passage. "Ve vill light der fuse ven ve haf got beyond der first bend. Vat? Look! By tam, von of you swine has broke der fuse. Vait! Ve vill fix him now."

The door was closed behind them, but the listeners could hear them repairing the damage that Selim had done to the fuse.

Led by Selim, the four made a rush for the door leading into the chateau. They threw it open and passed through, flying as if for their lives. No one could tell how soon an explosion might bring disaster to the region; they put distance between them and the powder keg. Selim paused long enough to drop the bolts and turn the great key with the lever. At the second turn in the narrow corridor he overtook Chase and the scurrying women.

"Is there nothing to be done?" cried the princess. "Can we not prevent the explosion? They will cut off our means of escape in that"—

"I know too much about gunpowder, princess," said Chase dryly, "to fool with it. It's like a mule. It kicks hard. Gad, it was hard to stand there and hear these brutes planning it all and not be able to stop them!"

The princess was once more at his side. He had clasped her arm to lead her securely in the wake of Neenah's electric lantern. She came to a sudden stop.

"And pray, Mr. Chase," she said sharply, as if the thought occurred to her for the first time, "why didn't you stop them? You had the advantage. You and Selim could have surprised them—you could have taken them without a struggle."

He laughed softly, deprecatingly, not a little impressed by the justice of her criticism.

"No doubt you consider me a coward," he said ruefully.

"You know that I do not," she protested. "I—I can't understand your motive; that is all."

"You forget that I am the representative of these very men. I am the trusted agent of Sir John Brodney, who has refused to supplant me with another. I can't very well represent Sir John and at the same time make prisoners or corpses of his clients, even though I am being shielded by their legal foes. I'll not have Von Blitz saying, even to himself, that I have not only stolen his wives, but have also cast him into the hands of his Philistines. It may sound quixotic to you, but I think that Lord Deppingham and Mr. Browne will understand my attitude."

"But Von Blitz has sworn to kill you," she expostulated, with some heat. "You are wasting your integrity, I must say, Mr. Chase."

"Would you have me shoot him from ambush?" he demanded.

"Not at all. You could have taken him captive and held him safe until the time comes for you to leave the island."

"He would not have been my captive in any event. I could do no more than deliver him into the hands of his enemies. Would that be fair?"

"But he is a thief!"

"No more so than Taswell Skaggs and John Wyckholme, who unquestionably cheated the natives out of the very treasure we have seen carried away. I am not a constable nor a thief catcher. I am a soldier of the defense, not an officer of the crown, at this stage of the game. Today I shall contrive to send word to Rasula that Von Blitz has stolen the treasure chests. Mr. Von Blitz will have a sad time explaining this little defection to his friends. We must not overlook the fact that Lady Deppingham and Robert Browne are quite willing to take everything from the islanders. Everything that Taswell Skaggs and John

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

Wyckholme possessed in this island belongs to them under the terms of the will."

They were at the top of the second flight of stairs by this time and quite a distance from the treasure chamber. His coolness, the absence of any sign of returning sentiment, was puzzling her sorely. Half an hour before she had been carried away, rendered helpless, by the passion that swayed him. Now he spoke and looked as if he had forgotten the result of his storming. Strangely enough, she was piqued.

When they came into the well lighted upper corridor he proceeded ruthlessly to upset all of her harsh calculations. He stopped suddenly, stepping directly in front of her. As she drew up in surprise he reached down and took both of her hands in his. For the moment she was too amazed to oppose this sudden action. She looked up into his face, many emotions in her own—reproof, wonder, dismay, hauteur, joy.

"Wait," he said gently. They were quite alone. She saw the strangest wonderful light in his gray eyes. Her lips parted in quick, clamorous confusion. "I love you. I am sorry for what I did down there. I couldn't help it—nor could you. Yet I took a cruel advantage of you. I know what you've been thinking too. You have been saying to yourself that I wanted to see how far I could go. Don't speak. I know! You are wrong. I've absolutely worshiped you since those first days in Thuringe, wildly, hopelessly, day and night. I was afraid of you—yes, afraid of you because you are a princess. But I've got over all that, Genevra. You are a woman, a living, real woman, with the blood and the heart and the lips that were made for men to crave. I want to tell you this here in the light of day, not in the darkness that hid all the truth in me except that which you might have felt in my kiss."

"Please—please don't," she said once more, her lip trembling, her eyes full of the softness that the woman who loves cannot hide. "You shall not go on! It is wrong!"

"It is not wrong!" he cried hotly. "My love is not wrong. I want you to understand and to believe. I can't hope that you will be my wife. It's too wildly improbable. You are not for such as I. You are pledged to a man of your own world, your own exalted world. But listen, Genevra. See, my eyes call you darling even though my lips dare not. Genevra, I'd give my soul to hear you say that you will be my wife. You do understand how it is with me?"

The delicious sense of possession thrilled her. She glowed with the return of her self esteem, in the restoration of that quality which proclaimed her a princess of the blood. She was sure of him now. She was sure of herself. She had her emotions well in hand. And so, despite the delicious warmth that swept through her being, she chose to reveal no sign of it to him.

"I do understand," she said quietly, meeting his gaze with a directness that hurt him sorely. "And you, too, understand. I could not be your wife. I am glad, yet sorry, that you love me, and I am proud to have heard you say that you want me. But I am a sensible creature, Mr. Chase, and, being sensible, am therefore selfish. I have seen women of my unhappy station venture outside of their narrow confines in the search for lifelong joy with men who might have been kings had they not been born under happier stars—men of the great wide world instead of the soulless, heartless patch which such as I call a realm. Not one in a hundred of those women found the happiness they were so sure of grasping just outside their prison walls. It was not in the blood. We must marry and live and die in the sphere to which we were born. We must go through life unloved and uncherished, bringing princes into the world, seeing happiness and love just beyond our

"I love you"

reach all the time. We are bound by chains no force can break—the chains of prejudice."

She had withdrawn her hands from his. He was standing before her as calm and unmoved as a statue.

"Just the same," he went on gently, "you love me as I love you. You kissed me. I could feel love in you then. I can see it in you now. You will marry Prince Karl in June, and all the rest of your life will be bleak December. You will never forget this month of March—our month." He paused for a moment to look deeply into her incredulous eyes. His face writhed in sudden pain. Then he burst forth with a vehemence that startled her. "My God, I pity you with all my soul! All your life!"

"Don't pity me!" she cried fiercely "I cannot endure that!"

"Forgive me! I shouldn't say such things to you. It's as if I were bullying you."

"You must not think of me as unhappy—ever. Go on your own way, Hollingsworth Chase, and forget that you have known me. You will find happiness with some one else. You have loved before; you can and will love again. I—I have never loved before, but perhaps, like you, I shall love again. You will love again?" she demanded, her lip trembling with an irresolution she could not control.

"Yes," he said calmly; "I'll love the wife of Karl Brabetz."

She started violently. Her cheek went red and white and her eyes widened as her thoughts went back to the naive prophecy in the treasure chamber.

She followed him slowly to the terrace. He stopped in the doorway and leisurely drew forth his cigarette case.

"Shall we wait for the explosion?" he asked without a sign of the emotion that had gone before. She gravely selected a cigarette from the case which he extended. As he lighted his own he watched her draw from her little gold bag a diamond studded case half filled. Without a word of apology she calmly deposited the cigarette in the case and restored it to the bottom of the bag.

Then she looked up brightly. "I am not smoking, you see," she said, with a smile. "I am saving all of these for you when the famine comes."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, something like incredulity in the smile that transfigured his face.

"I could be a thrifty housewife, couldn't I?" she asked naively.

At that moment a dull, heavy report as of distant thunder came to their ears. The windows rattled sharply, and the earth beneath them seemed to quiver. Involuntarily she drew nearer to him.

"You could if you had half a chance," he said dryly and then casually remarked the explosion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DISQUIETING END OF FUN.

LATER on he and Deppingham visited the underground chamber, accompanied by Mr. Britt. They found that the door to the passage had been blown away by the terrific concussion. The subterranean passage at this place was completely filled with earth and stone.

Deppingham stared at the closed mouth of the passage. "They've cut off our exit, but they've also secured us from invasion from this source. I wonder if the beggars were clever enough to carry the plunder above the flood line. If not they've had their work for nothing."

"Selim says there is a cave near the mouth of the passage," said Chase. "The tunnel comes out halfway up the side of the mountain overlooking the sea, and the hole is very carefully screened by the thick shrubbery. Trust Von Blitz to do the safe thing."

"I don't mind Von Blitz escaping so much, Chase," said his lordship earnestly, "as I do the unfortunate closing of what may have been our way to leave the chateau in the end."

"You must think me an ungrateful fool," said Chase bitterly. He had already stated his position clearly.

"Not at all, old chap. Don't get that into your head. I only meant that a hole in the ground is worth two warships that won't come when we need 'em."

Chase looked up quickly. "You don't believe that I can call the cruisers?"

"Oh, come now, Chase; I'm not a demined native, you know."

The other grinned ruefully. "Well, you just wait, as the boy says."

After satisfying themselves that there was no possibility of the enemy ever being able to enter the chateau through the collapsed passage the trio returned to the upper world.

Robert Browne and Lady Agnes were seated on the edge of the fountain in Apollo's grotto, conversing earnestly, even eagerly, with Mr. Bowles, who stood before them in an unmistakable attitude of indecision and perturbation. Deppingham gave Chase a look which plainly revealed his uneasiness.

"You don't mean to say, Lord Deppingham, that you're afraid the heirs will follow the advice of that rattle headed Saunders," said Chase, with a laugh. "Why, it wouldn't hold in court for a second. Ask Britt."

Britt cleared his throat. "Not for half a second," he said. "I'm only wondering if Bowles has authority to grant divorces."

"I dare say he has," said Deppingham, tugging at his mustache. "He's—he's a magistrate."

"It doesn't follow," said Chase, "that he has unlimited legal powers."

"But what are they ragging him about down here, Chase?" blurted out the unhappy Deppingham.

"Come in and have a drink," said Chase suddenly. Deppingham was shivering. "You've got a chill in that damp cellar. I can assure you positively as representative of the opposition that the grandchildren of Skaggs and Wyckholme are not going to divorce or marry anybody while I'm here, Britt and Saunders and Bowles to the contrary. And Lady Deppingham is no fool. Come on and have something to warm the cockles."

"All right, old chap," Deppingham said, with a laugh. "I am chilled to the bone. I'll join you in a few minutes." To their surprise, he started off across the terrace in the direction of the consulting trio.

"Just the same, Chase," said Britt after a long silence, "he's worried, and not about marriage or divorce either. He's jealous. I didn't believe it was in him."

"See here, Britt; you've no right to stir him up with those confounded remarks about divorce. You know that it's rot. Don't do it."

"My dear Chase," said Britt, waving his hand serenely, "I can't help laughing at the position you're in at present. It doesn't matter what you get on to in connection with our side of the case, you're where you can't take advantage of it without getting killed by your own clients. Horrible paradox, eh?"

When Deppingham rejoined them he was pale and very nervous. His wife, who had been weeping, came up with him, while Browne went off toward the stables with the ex-banker.

"What do you think has happened?" demanded his lordship, addressing the two men, who stood by irresolutely. "Somebody's trying to poison us! Lady Deppingham's dog is dead—poisoned, gentlemen!" He was wiping the moisture from his brow.

"I'm sorry, Lady Deppingham," said Chase earnestly. "He was a nice dog. But I hardly think he could have eaten what was intended for any of us. If he was poisoned, the poison was meant for him and for no one else. He bit one of the stable boys yesterday. If—"

"That may all be very true, Chase," protested his lordship, "but don't you see it goes to show that some one has a stock of poison on hand, and we may be the next to get it. He died half an hour after eating—after eating a biscuit that was intended for me! It's—it's deuced uncomfortable, to say the least."

"I'm sure you need the brandy after all this. Come along. Will you join us, Lady Deppingham?" said Chase.

"No. I'm going to bed!" She started away, then stopped and looked at her husband, her eyes wide with sudden comprehension. "Oh, Deppy, I should have died! I should have died!"

"My dear!"

"I couldn't have lived if—"

"But, my dear, I *didn't* eat it—and here we are. God bless you!" He turned abruptly and walked off beside her, ignoring the two distressed Americans. As they passed through the French window Deppingham put his arm about his wife's waist. Chase turned to Britt.

"I don't know what you're thinking, Britt, but it isn't so, whatever it is."

"Good Lord, man, I wasn't thinking that!"

There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of those conversant with the situation that the poison had been intended for either Lord or Lady Deppingham. The drug had been subtly, skillfully placed in one of the sandwiches which came up to their rooms at 11 o'clock, the hour at which they invariably drank off a cup of bouillon.

Drusilla Browne was jesting, no doubt, but it is doubtful if any one grasped the delicacy of her humor when she observed, in mock concern, addressing the assembled mourners, that she believed the heirs were trying to get rid of their incumbrances after the good old Borgia fashion and that she would never again have the courage to eat a mouthful of food so long as she stood between her husband and a bynement fortune.

"You know, my dear," she concluded, turning to her husband, "that I *might* have had Lord Deppingham's biscuit. His wife asked me to take it. Goodness, you're a dreadful Borgia person, Agnes," she went on, smiling brightly at her ladyship. Deppingham was fumbling nervously at his monocle. "I should think you would be nervous Lord Deppingham."

The most rigid questioning elicited no information from the servants. Bailly's sudden, involuntary look of suspicion, directed toward Lady Agnes and Robert Browne, did not escape the keen eye of Hollingsworth Chase.

"Impossible!" he said, half aloud. He looked up and saw that the princess was staring at him questioningly. He shook his head without thinking.

Dismay settled upon the white people. They were confronted by a new and serious peril—poison. At no time could they feel safe.

One of the stable boys volunteered to carry a note from Chase to Drusilla, asking the opportunity to lay a question of grave importance before him. Chase suggested to Drusilla that he should meet him that evening at the west gate, under a flag of truce. The tone of the letter was more or less peremptory.

Drusilla came, sullen but curious. At first he would not believe, but Chase was firm in his denunciation of Jacob von Blitz. Then he was pleased to accuse Chase of duplicity and double dealing, going so far as to charge the deposed American with plotting against Von Blitz to further his own ends in more ways than one. At last, however, he agreed to follow the advice of the American—grudgingly, to be sure, but none the less determined.

"You will find everything as I have stated it, Drusilla," said Chase. "I'm sorry you are against me, for I would be your friend. I've told you how to reach the secret cave. The chests are there. The passage is closed. You can trap him in the attempt to rob the bank. I could have taken him red handed and given him over to Lord Deppingham, but you would never have known the truth. Now I ask you to judge for yourselves. Give him a fair trial, Drusilla—as you would any man accused of crime—and be just. If you need a witness—an eyewitness—call on me. I will come, and I will appear against him. I've been honest with you. I am willing to trust you to be honest with me."

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEPPINGHAM FALLS ILL.

THAT evening Lord Deppingham took to his bed with violent chills. He shivered and burned by turns and spent a most distressing night. Bobby Browne came in twice to see him before retiring. For some reason unknown to any one but himself, Deppingham refused to be treated by the young man, notwithstanding the fact that Browne laid claim to a physician's certificate and professed to be especially successful in breaking up "the ague." Lady Agnes entreated her liege lord to submit to the doses, but Deppingham was resolute to irascibility.

"A Dover's powder, Deppy, or a few grains of quinine. Please be sensible. You're just like a child."

"What's in a Dover's powder?" demanded the patient, who had never been ill in his life.

"Ipecac and opium, sugar of milk or sulphate of potash. It's an anodyne diaphoretic," said Browne.

"Opium, eh?" came sharply from the couch. "Good Lord, an overdose of it would"— He checked the words abruptly and gave vent to a nervous fit of laughter.

"Don't be a fool, George," commanded his wife. "No one is trying to poison you."

"Who's saying that he's going to poison me?" demanded Deppingham shortly. "I'm objecting because I don't like the idea of taking medicine from a man just out of college."

"I've just given my wife a powder, old man. She's got a nervous headache," urged Browne tolerantly.

"Your wife!" exclaimed Deppingham, sitting up. "The devil!" He looked hard at Browne for a moment. "Oh, I say, now, old chap, don't you think it's rather too much of a coincidence?"

Browne arose quickly, a flash of resentment in his eyes. "See here, Deppingham"—

"I apologize, Browne," said Deppingham hastily. "I'm not afraid of your medicine. I'm only thinking of my wife. If I should happen to die, don't you know, there would be people who might say that you could have cured me. See what I mean?"

"You dear old goose!" cried his wife.

"I fancy Bellin or Diablo or even Bowles knows what a fellow doses himself with when he's bowled over by one of these beastly island ailments. Oblige me, Agnes, and send for Bowles."

He immediately recommended an old fashioned Dover's powder and ventured the opinion that a "good sweat" would soon put his lordship on his feet, "better than ever." Deppingham kept Bowles beside him while Browne generously prepared and administered the medicine.

Later in the night the princess came to see how the patient was getting on. He was in a dripping perspiration.

Genevra drew a chair up beside his couch and sat down. Lady Agnes was yawning sleepily over a book.

"Do you know, I believe I'd feel better if I could have another chill," he said. "I'm so beastly hot now that I can't stand it. Aggy, why don't you turn out on the balcony for a bit of fresh air? I'm a brute to have kept you sloping in here all evening."

Lady Agnes sighed prettily and stepped out into the murky night.

"I say, Genevra, what's the news?" demanded his lordship. "Where is Chase?"

Now, the princess, it is most distressing to state, had wilfully avoided Mr. Chase since early that morning.

"I'm sure I don't know. I had dinner with Mrs. Browne in her room. I fancy he's off attending to the guard. I haven't seen him."

"Nice chap," remarked Deppingham. "Isn't that he now speaking to Agnes out there?"

Genevra looked up quickly. A man's voice came in to them from the balcony, following Lady Deppingham's soft laugh.

"No," she said, settling back calmly. "It's Mr. Browne."

"Oh," said Deppingham, a slight shadow coming into his eyes. "Nice chap, too," he added a moment later.

"I don't like him," said she, lowering her voice.

"I've no doubt Agnes is as much to blame as he," said his lordship at last.

"Why don't you marry him?"

"She's made a fool of more than one man, my dear. She rather likes it."

"He's behaving like a brute. They've been married less than a year."

"It really doesn't amount to anything, Genevra," he argued. "It will blow over in a fortnight. Aggy's always doing this sort of thing, you know."

"I know, Deppy," she said sharply. "But this man is different. He's not a gentleman. Mr. Skaggs wasn't a gentleman. Blood tells. He will boast of this flirtation until the end of his days."

"Aggy's had dozens of men in love with her—really in love," he protested feebly. "She's not"—

"They've come and gone, and she's still the same old Agnes, and you're the same old Deppy. I'm not thinking of you or Aggy. It's Drusilla Browne."

"I see. Thanks for the confidence you have in Aggy. I dare say I know how Drusilla feels. I've—I've had a bad turn or two myself lately, and—but never mind. By the way, what does Chase say about it?" he asked suddenly.

She started and caught her breath. "Mr. Chase? He—he hasn't said anything about it," she responded lamely.

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX

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A Prompt Reply.

A temperance lecturer was describing to his audience how his life had been influenced by total abstinence.

"You know," he said, "that I am now head of my business. Four years ago there were two men in our office who held positions above mine. One was dismissed through drunkenness, the other was led into crime and is now in prison, and all through that evil drink, the invention of the wicked! Now, what I ask is," he cried, "what has raised me to my present high position?"

"Drink!" was the unexpected reply he received from a member of the

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
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Saturday, December 11, 1909.

Christmas comes two weeks from to-day.

Nobody has ever heard Santa Claus complain of insufficient wages or high prices for the things he is compelled to use. He may be a myth, but he is no whiner.

In England the price of manufactured gas is but little more than that of natural gas in the United States. The margin for cheaper gas in this country is a big one.

Providence is agitating the question of an industrial exposition for next fall, to be opened by President Taft during the session of the Deeper Waterways Association.

The town of Westerly carried on its political fight this year at an expense of nineteen dollars, at least the town committee so reports. This must have been an economical committee and let the candidates off easy.

We fail to hear any praise of Newport's mongrel charter among those who did not get elected Tuesday. The time is not far distant, judging from the expressions we have heard since election, when there will be none left to do it honor.

The new home for nurses being built on Broadway cannot in any sense of the term be called an ornamental structure. It is as plain as brick and mortar can be made. It will be a roomy structure, but not an ornament to that section of the city.

People should bear in mind that Red Cross stamps are not postage stamps and that letters will go to the dead letter office just as quickly with a Red Cross stamp on it as it will without the stamps. Thousands of letters are daily being sent to the dead letter office because they have only the Red Cross stamp on them.

The new marriage law goes into effect on January 1st. After that date parties cannot marry in this State till five days after they have taken out the marriage license. The clergymen and town clerks in towns on the borders of the State are lamenting the prospective loss of marriage and license fees which go to make life more pleasant to the recipients.

The temperance wave, which was so strong in the Massachusetts cities last year, seems to be subsiding. Four cities, Fall River, New Bedford, Gloucester and Marlboro, that went dry last year, voted for license this year, Fall River by over two thousand majority. Haverhill, on the other hand, changed from license to no license. The municipal elections in fourteen cities resulted otherwise about the same as usual.

In his speech at the Civic Federation banquet in New York some days ago, Senator Root warned the country that the Federal Government is breaking down under the policy of vast centralization of authority and called a halt. He said: "This country is too great, its population too numerous, its interests too vast and complicated already, to say nothing of the enormous increases that we can see before us in the future, to be governed as to the great range of our daily affairs from one central power in Washington.

The new train that plies back and forth between Newport and Fall River to make connections so that the people of Newport can connect with the fast trains between Providence and New York is gaining in public favor. When the public learns that there is such a train its business will largely increase. The train is very convenient for Newport people who wish to remain in Providence in the early part of the evening. The last train for Newport leaves there at 9 p. m., reaching Newport at 10.30.

Senator Aldrich in New York the other day told the assembled masters of Wall street that no definite currency plan had yet been decided on by the commission, and he asked that the American people keep their minds open until the whole case is laid before them. Said the senator: "I believe that the political prejudices of the past—the ghost of Andrew Jackson—should not stand in the way of the adoption of a plan that should benefit the whole nation. Yet already political influences are sought to discredit in advance the findings of the commission."

The number of banks in this country has more than doubled since 1900, and the amount of resources held by these banks is $21,100,000,000, gigantic figures that no one can realize. In the list of States Rhode Island stands fifth with its amount of banking capital per capita. New York is first with a per capita capital of $675.67, Massachusetts $317.25, Nevada $321.70, California $280.70, and Rhode Island next with $157.22. Then follow Connecticut with $203.48, Pennsylvania $205.52, New Hampshire $255.30, Vermont $251.34, Maine $206.60, and so on down to Hawaii, which shows a per capita of $71.99, Porto Rico of $12.52 and the Philippines of $1.71.

The President's Message.

The President's first annual message to Congress was delivered on Tuesday. It had one great merit over the messages of his immediate predecessor. It was very much briefer. It is, though, a sound and comprehensive public document. It leaves several important matters for future special message, but he covers a wide range of matters which are of interest to the people.

On the subject of the sugar trust's frauds on the government he warns Congress that an investigation by committee such as has been suggested might result in giving immunity to those who otherwise might be found guilty and sent to prison.

On the tariff the President says that if the new commission reports to him that it finds rates excessive he will not hesitate to notify Congress, but until he hears from that commission he will not do anything, for tariff disturbance is paralyzing and only to be undertaken when imperatively necessary.

He renews the recommendations that he has previously urged in regard to legal procedure. He is especially desirous that it should not take so long for justice to be secured, and he would have the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court further restricted so that it might act more promptly. Regarding the arbitrary issuance of injunctions, it is to be remembered that what he says comes from a former judge of the United States bench and one who has held and exercised the power himself. He would have it used more sparingly, and would only allow injunctions without preliminary hearings when irreparable damage would otherwise ensue.

He approves of the postal savings bank plan, and recommends higher rates of postage on magazines and periodicals. He calls attention to the situation in the departments where employees who have given their lives to the work are now for that reason inefficient and by their inefficiency reduce the quality of work done. He recommends in spite of the sentiment against civil pensions that such persons be given pensions and retired in favor of those who can do more.

All in all, the message is a cheerful and agreeable document, thoughtful, earnest, inspired by intelligent patriotism, and written in the clear and direct style that characterizes whatever Mr. Taft has to say.

Are They Competitors?

It seems a little singular that just at the time when the people of this country are working the canal business for all it is worth, the denizens of our nearby neighbor, Mars, should also be engaged in the same business,—at least, certain long-sighted astronomers seem to think that such is their occupation. Prof. Percival Lowell of the Flag Staff (Ariz.) Observatory, says that the two new canals on Mars were first observed on September 29 and 30, and are now the most conspicuous canals in the part of the planet where they are located. As seen through the big telescope, they are fine, perfectly regular lines and were never seen before. This is shown by photos taken in former years. These two canals are not simply due to seasonable manifestations, as is the case with some of the Martian canals, but are absolutely new ones. Both Pickering of Harvard and Prof. Todd of Amherst were inclined to make light of this discovery of new canals and doubted the English theory of a physical cataclysm to account for them.

Good Word for Aldrich.

Former Congressman Overstreet, who is a member of the Monetary Commission, confirms the statement of Aldrich that no report may be expected at the coming session. He said a great amount of information had been gathered which members had not had time to digest. It was their intention after all the information had been tabulated to conduct public hearings and this would take time. Some preliminary reports would be given out after the holidays, however. Speaking of the criticism voiced against Aldrich, he said of that senator: "He is a great, big, good-natured, broad-minded man, and he is going ahead and trying to get results."

With the U. S. Steamer Prairie fast on the Delaware flats, the Yankee still refusing to stay above water and the Nina fast in the mud at Sullivan's wharf, a portion of Uncle Sam's navy seems to be more or less stationary at the present time. Three valuable vessels are practically lost owing to carelessness or inefficiency on the part of someone. The last experience shows the folly of maintaining a navy yard in such a position that an experienced pilot cannot get a vessel from it with safety. The League Island Navy Yard is a useless expense to the Government. Better sell it and establish one in Narragansett Bay where war vessels can come in or go out without a pilot.

Football Casualties.

Completed statistics of the football season closed on Thanksgiving Day give a total of 33 deaths and 246 seriously injured as the gridiron result. Of the killed 23 were high school boys and 4 college men. Of the injured 171 were college men and 46 school boys. In consequence, university and preparatory school authorities have launched a new movement for reform in the rules of the game.

The new State government will be inaugurated three weeks from Tuesday.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Dec. 9, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Dec. 10 to 14, warm wave 9 to 13, cool wave 12 to 16. This disturbance was expected to bring high temperatures, stormy weather and not very cold when the cool wave comes in.

Next disturbance will be the climax and all kinds of weather that might be expected in this winter month will come with it. It will, on its journey around the earth, reach the Pacific coast about Dec. 14, cross Pacific slope by close of 15, great central valleys 16 to 18, eastern states and provinces 19. Warm wave will cross Pacific coast about Dec. 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states and provinces 18. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 17, great central valleys 19, eastern states and provinces 21.

This disturbance will bring severe storms, a great warm wave, a cool wave that will bring temperatures down to winter levels. A great fall in temperatures will come from about Dec. 17 to 25 and fix up the weather for Christmas more in accord with the spirits of Old Santa Claus. Another disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 19, cross Pacific slope by close of 20, great central valleys 21 to 23, eastern states and provinces 24. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec 19, great central valleys 21, eastern states and provinces 23. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 22, great central valleys 24, eastern states and provinces 26.

This disturbance will continue the severe winter storms, be followed by a cold wave with snows north and cold rains south. I am not advising farmers to market their grain but those who intend to deliver grain in December will find best weather maybe not the best markets—from about Dec. 6 to 15. After that the markets may be better but the weather will be unfavorable to such work.

THE COMET.

The astronomers claim that the great comet will pass between the earth and sun about 9.30 on evening of May 18 next and that, therefore, the earth will pass through the tail of the comet. But as the comet will then be comparatively close to the sun the passing of the earth through the comet's 10,000-mile wide tail will not consume much time. If the astronomers have correctly calculated and the earth does pass through the comet's tail we will not know it as the event will take place at night and we will be on the opposite side of the earth from the comet and sun.

But the dust of the comet's tail may not make a good atmosphere for breathing purposes and probabilities are that some disease, perhaps a strange disease, may follow the deposit of comet dust in our atmosphere. It is believed that some epidemic diseases are caused by the effects of other planets on our earth.

All scientific men admit that the planets affect the movements of each other but they are not yet ready to admit that they cause diseases.

Farmers and Trespassers.

[Rural New Yorker]

It is reported that farmers in Goshen, Conn., have organized to arrest all persons found trespassing on their farms. They intend to apply the law to hunters, fishermen and also people who go out for fruit or nuts. The Hartford Courant hits the bull's eye on this proposition as follows:

"Small wonder that this amazing stand should create indignation in cities and towns, for it is as a rule the people of these cities who at present do the trespassing. It is easy to imagine the wrath of the city property holder if he should find a resident of the rural districts gathering flowers on his city lawn, picking his city-grown fruit, taking fish out of his fountain, and breaking off his gate so as to get in quicker. And yet the average city resident, when he gets out into the country, expects to gather the nuts from the trees on the farms he passes, to pick up what fruit attracts him, to fish in whatever waters are not posted and to break down a fence or leave down a pair of bars; so long as he is through and does not have to come back that way what reason for bothering over the bars? It is the every-day experience of the farmer that raiders do this sort of thing and think along just this line. Now he says 'Stop!' and, if he has the courage to stand by his order, they will stop. Whether it was advisable for the Goshen farmers to agree further that they would not grant permission to enter upon their lands except in special cases is debatable. But plainly they were within their rights."

Boston Motor Boat Show.

Those interested in motor boating, and their name is legion, will have the opportunity of viewing the finest collection of motor craft and accessories ever brought together under one roof, at Mechanics Building, Boston, Jan. 22d to 29th inclusive.

The annual exposition of the New England Engine & Boat Association will be held on that date and this year the entries are so numerous that General Manager Chester I. Campbell, under whose direction the show is annually held, promises one of the most complete and interesting displays of motor craft ever held.

Many novelties will be introduced and the decorative scheme will as usual be novel and artistic. Those who remember what a great success last year's show was, both artistically and financially, will hardly believe it possible to improve upon it, but Manager Campbell's motto is ever "Bigger and Better," and this year the show will eclipse all previous efforts. Practically all the space is already spoken for, a few good locations only being open, but at the rate requests are being received an early application is desirable.

Dr. Cook has been found. He is reported to be at the little town of York, Maine, taking the "rest cure." It looks as though he would need considerable rest before beginning the strenuous effort to again get the people back into his confidence.

Since the year 1846 the Pennsylvania Railroad has disbursed $820,000,000 in dividends and its stockholders now number over 58,000. It pays a railroad to be conducted as a steady-going business proposition.

U. S. Senator Piles, of Washington, says that it has cost him $500,000 to represent his State one term and he does not propose to try it again. Senatorships in the West come high.

Washington Matters.

The Re-organization of the Navy Department Means Some Startling Changes—Bureau System Abolished after a Long, Hard Fight—Improvements to be Made in the Postal Establishment—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
Washington, D. C., Dec. 9, 1909.

The few days preceding the meeting of Congress in Washington are not without interest. The President is immersed in his message to Congress, which, it is said, will not be as long as President Roosevelt's last message, inasmuch as it will contain not more than fifteen thousand words. This, however, will be of sufficient length and most readers will prefer to confine themselves to such epitomes as the press always furnishes. The Cabinet members are busy with their several reports and some of them have been completed. They are generally asking smaller appropriations than were demanded last year. Economy is the watchword of the present administration but it is not at all improbable that before the budget is made up it will exceed more than the billion dollar mark as did the last appropriation. It is difficult with the ambitious schemes of public improvement and betterment in almost every direction to see how appropriations can be kept down.

There are many public plans and enterprises for the improvement of the public service but none of them are startlingly new although they are all increasingly urgent. The Secretary of the Navy has issued orders for the reorganization of the Navy Department and are looked upon by those whom it will affect as nothing short of revolutionary. If he is successful in carrying out his plans much good will be accomplished. The keynote to the changes in the Naval establishment has been expressed in the not novel truism that the object of the Navy is to maintain an effective war fleet on the seas. There is, probably, not a school boy but knows that this is a self-evident proposition and not a Senator who would maintain that there could be any other legitimate object for the Navy and, yet, there are Senators and members, admirals, commodores, captains and lieutenants of the Navy with their wives, mothers-in-law, sisters, cousins and aunts who have for seventy-five or a hundred years lived, moved and had their being on the hypothesis that the object of the Navy was to maintain, first, a splendid Navy Department at Washington with distinguished Naval officers at the heads of various bureaus and other Naval officers at a dozen Naval stations and Navy yards that are no longer used but are kept up at an immense expense and that cannot be used for any legitimate Naval purpose because the entrance to these Navy Yards is too shallow for the admission of modern war ships. Their idea of the Navy is that it was created and is maintained, not for National defense but for the benefit of a brilliant corps of Naval officers and their families and friends.

These Naval officers have intermarried into the families of Senators and cabinet ministers, until they form the highest social aristocracy in this country. They are sore hit by this order of Secretary Meyer. Senator Hale, of Maine, who has the sobriquet of the "Lord of the Navy," will, doubtless, be heard from in opposition and other Senators and members will, doubtless, speak in eulogy of the old navy and the old system and tell how much was accomplished at Manila Bay and Santiago. It may be excusable to "point with pride," but naval experts and close students of naval progress know that many improvements in naval construction, naval equipment and naval practice have been made since the Spanish war and that if the American navy is equal in strength, man for man and ship for ship, with the foremost navies of the world it is because it has made a great progress and improvement since it sank the leaking lobster pot navies of Spain in Manila Bay and at Santiago.

The Postmaster-General is contemplating improvements in the Postal establishment, nothing new but several things urgent that have been long advocated and that would have been carried into effect in a more effective and less unwieldy Government than our own. All reforms and governmental betterments here have to wait on legislation; legislation has to wait on a Congress that has been elected thirteen months before it meets, a Congress that knows more about District, county or parochial affairs, than about National affairs, a Congress composed of hundreds of men who by the time they learn their business as National legislators have lost their places or rather have their places filled by men as green and untried as they themselves were when first sent to Washington. In other words, the legislative management of the United States is not in the hands of seniors but of freshmen who are responsible not so much to the Nation as to the provincial homes from which they come.

NOT GOOD FOR POSTAGE

Many People Are Found to Be Wrongfully Using Red Cross Stamps

Washington, Dec. 10.—Thousands of letters bearing Red Cross stamps are being sent to the dead letter office or held for postage.

Notwithstanding the plain instructions issued in connection with the sale of the Red Cross stamps, great numbers of letters are being mailed bearing these stamps in lieu of regular postage.

Red Cross stamps are not postage stamps and letters, or other mailable matter bearing these stamps alone, must be treated as unpaid matter. The addressee is notified to remit postage, and if it is not received the letter or other matter is sent to the dead letter office.

ASSASSINATION OF ITO

Moving Picture Will Figure In Trial of Japanese Diplomat's Slayer

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 10.—A moving picture of the assassination of Prince Ito at Harbin is to be used in the trial of the Corean assassin, according to advices brought by the steamer Kaga Maru.

A Russian photographer had prepared to make moving pictures of the meeting of Prince Ito and Minister Kokovistoff and caught the assassination scene on his films.

Japanese officials obtained a film 600 feet long, showing every detail of the tragedy. This will be exhibited at the trial.

LICENSE GAINS IN BAY STATE

More Than Five Thousand as Compared With Last Year

Boston, Dec. 8.—A reaction of the wave of prohibition which swept over Massachusetts last year yesterday sent four cities, Fall River, New Bedford, Marlboro and Gloucester, back into the license column, while Haverhill alone, by a close vote, turned over to no-license.

The total vote, as compared with last year, shows a gain of over 5000 in favor of license in the fourteen cities voting yesterday.

Following is the general result of the election:

City and Mayor-elect	Yes	No
Brockton—Clifford, D.	5616	6188
Fall River—No election for mayor	8316	6168
Fitchburg—O'Connell, D.	2740	2457
Gloucester—Parsons, R.	2161	1839
Haverhill—No election for mayor	3208	3106
Lawrence—White, R.	6130	3201
Marlboro—Shaughnessey, D.	1833	1367
New Bedford—Ashley, D.	5736	3391
Northampton—Coolidge, R.	1190	1316
Pittsfield—Mellnes, D.	2776	2361
Quincy—Shea, D.	1199	3263
Springfield—Lathrop, D.	6138	4001
Taunton—Woods	2799	2621
Waltham—Walker, R.	1681	2906

French Archbishop Sued

Paris, Dec. 10.—The judge of the civil court has cited Mgr. Amiette archbishop of Paris, to appear before him to answer suits brought by the authors of text-books which have been interdicted by the church. Each of the plaintiffs asks $2000 damages.

Becomes Brother of His Father

Chicago, Dec. 10.—Joseph W. Dux, Jr., 7 months old, legally became the brother of his father here when Judge Petit signed a decree of adoption giving the child to its grandparents, Joseph Dux and his wife.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

DECEMBER 1909 STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve
4 Sat	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 Sun	[illegible]	[illegible]	rises	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 Mon	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
7 Tues	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
8 Wed	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
9 Thurs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10 Fri	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Last Quarter, 4th day, 11h. 9m., morning
New Moon, 12th day, 2h. 15m., evening
First Quarter, 19th day, 9h. 9m., evening
Full Moon, 26th day, 1h. 9m., evening

Desirable Real Estate Opportunities.

1st.—Some 8 acres of land on Conanicut Island, within 2 miles of Jamestown, right on the sea. An unusually cheap chance to close an estate. $1,800

2d.—A FURNISHED cottage in Newport (ready to step into and live), 8 rooms, heated, lighted, bath room, &c., owner leaving city. On one of the pleasantest avenues in Newport $3,750

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue

Est'd 1857 Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

In this city, 3d inst., at the residence of his mother, 33 Green street, Dennis J., son of Annie and the late Patrick Casey.

In this city, 3d inst., John Delaney, aged 70 years.

In this city, 4th inst., Annie Hudson, aged 45 years.

In this city, 4th inst., Edward, son of Frank and Henrietta R. Morgan, aged 1 month, 8 days.

In this city, 7th inst., at the residence of her father, 30 Spring street, Catherine E., daughter of Thomas M. and the late Annie Conley, aged 21 years.

In this city, 8th inst., Hannah, daughter of the late Joshua and Sarah K. Stacy.

In this city, 8th inst., Adolphus Foster, aged 60 years.

In New York, 3d inst., Malvina Tidball.

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Must Bear Signature of

Brentwood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
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FOR BILIOUSNESS.
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FOR SALLOW SKIN.
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9-25-tf

ACCUSATIONS AGAINST COOK

Danes Inclined to Think There Is No Truth In Them

REGARDED WITH SUSPICION

Come Just as Experts of University of Copenhagen Are About to Examine Polar Records of Brooklyn Explorer—His Friends See Effort of Supporters of Peary to Forestall Victorious Verdict From Scientists

Copenhagen, Dec. 10.—Dr. Torp, rector of the University of Copenhagen, said last night that the charges published in the New York Times against Dr. Frederick A. Cook are based on pure fiction. Nevertheless, he added, he would accept the offer to examine the documents prepared by Messrs. Loose and Dunkle which The Times has agreed to send to Copenhagen.

Other scientists here are inclined to regard the New York charges with suspicion, especially as the charges are made immediately before the university experts are about to begin examination of Cook's records.

Some scientists do not hesitate to say that Cook's accusers are liars. They lay emphasis on the warning of Cook's friends that every effort was being made by Cook's enemies to read his records in order to dispute them before the Copenhagen experts might see them. They point out that the charges were made at the moment when prejudice or suspicion instilled in the minds of the university judges might do Cook the greatest injury.

Friends of Cook who are the most outspoken go even so far as to charge that the New York statements are a desperate last effort on the part of Commander Peary's supporters to forestall a victorious verdict for Cook from the Danish scientists.

Dr. Carl Burrau, the noted astronomer, says the Loose-Dunkle statements are so improbable that they strengthen confidence in Cook. In an interview Burrau said:

"Passages in the story telegraphed here give me the impression that the matter is thoroughly untrustworthy. It will, however, be easy for the university to determine the truth or otherwise of the charges."

Walter Lonsdale, secretary to Cook, who brought the explorer's records to Copenhagen, also declared that the accusations published in New York and London against Cook were totally unfounded. He said that the papers delivered to the University of Copenhagen contained the original observations made by Cook during the expedition, without alterations.

Mr. Lonsdale said further that the explorer's report was founded on these, and dictated by Cook to him, no other person having anything to do with it. Loose and Dunkle, Lonsdale added, were guests at the Waldorf-Astoria during Cook's stay there, but the explorer's acquaintance with them was slight.

Commodore Norgaard, the explorer, and Professor Olufsen, secretary of the Danish Geographical society, also discredit the accusations against Cook.

The National Tidende in an editorial says: "It is natural that calumnies should increase when Dr. Cook's papers are on the eve of examination, the object of his accusers being to influence the committee."

NICARAGUA IS WORRYING

Zelaya Said to Have Decided to Give Up the Presidency

Managua, Dec. 10.—It is authoritatively stated here that Zelaya will surrender the presidency within three weeks. The intentions of the United States are giving the Nicaraguan government considerable anxiety and the administration is puzzled as to what to do because of the uncertainty of the American government's next move.

There are no military preparations discernable here and at Corinto all is quiet. The captain of the U. S. gunboat Vicksburg, which is now at Corinto, has received no instructions from Washington.

FLOATS FOR FEW MINUTES

Cruiser Yankee Then Returns to Bed of Old Ocean

New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 5.—Raised from her bed in the mud of Buzzards bay through forty feet of water, the United States cruiser Yankee remained on the surface for a few minutes, then suddenly sank to the bottom. Two men who were at work inside the hull sprang to a hatchway when they felt the vessel settling and succeeded in swimming to a place of safety.

The Yankee went ashore on the Hen and Chickens reef about a year and a half ago. The Arbuckle concern succeeded in freeing her, by the use of compressed air, several months later, and towed her nearly ten miles into Buzzards bay, where she sank. Several unsuccessful efforts have since been made to raise her.

ABDUCTION CHARGED

Old War Veteran Disappeared With a Thirteen-Year-Old Girl

Springfield, Vt., Dec. 9.—Joseph Ferguson, 70 years old, a Civil war veteran, was arrested and given a preliminary hearing here on a charge of abducting 13-year-old Mamie Blodgett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Blodgett. He was held in $1000.

Six weeks ago the couple disappeared, but the girl was finally located and brought home.

PRESIDENT'S SUGGESTIONS

Summary of Matters Which He Wants Congress to Consider

ZELAYA FLAYED IN MESSAGE

May Have Something Further to Say On Nicaragua in Special Communication—Big Saving in Government Expenses—Sugar Thieves to Be Punished—Modification of Issue of Labor Injunctions Urged

Washington, Dec. 8.—President Taft's message to congress, reviewing his administration, which began on March 4 last, is a long message and lacks the spirited English that characterized the similar documents of his predecessor, Mr. Roosevelt.

The most sensational portion of the message describes "unspeakable barbarities" of President Zelaya in Nicaragua. The president says that the two Americans in Nicaragua were put to death unjustly; that the government is after the sugar thieves of New York criminally; that his second year in office will cost $91,000,000 less than this one; that he favors old age pensions for government employes; that his tariff board is looking into the new tariff to see if it works properly; he suggests the text of a law to hurry delayed cases in court, favors a higher postage on magazines and periodicals (not newspapers), says the tariff is not the reason for the high cost of living and asserts that the country is on the eve of great business expansion.

Referring to the "unspeakable barbarities and oppression" reported in connection with the Zelaya government, President Taft says that the two Americans killed there "were entitled to be dealt with as prisoners of war." He says that the government has taken proper steps to secure justice, and that he may have a special message on this later.

Three officials have been appointed to get information necessary to a wise administration of the new tariff, the president points out. If it is found that the present rates are excessive under the principles of protection set forth in the national Republican platform he will ask congress to fix the matter up. But he says tariff agitation hurts business.

We lack just $72,005,620 of making both ends meet at the end of the present year, next June 30. This includes $38,000,000 which we have to pay on the Panama canal construction and $1,000,000 on the public debt. In this connection the president says that the canal is going to cost $375,261,000 instead of $129,765,200, as it was first figured. The canal is half done and will be finished June 1, 1913.

The needs of the government "were cut to the quick" for the next year—that is, the year ending June 30, 1911. The estimates for that year, President Taft says, are $91,000,000 less than the estimates of the cost of government for this year. There has been a big cut in the army and in the navy. There are to be built two first class battleships next year and one repair ship. The cut in the army estimates next year, under this, is $15,000,000, while the curtailment in the navy is $23,000,000.

On the question of lessening the expenses of the government the president thinks that to eliminate old and inefficient employes on a pension would be a good thing. There can be no cut in the salaries because of the high prices; if any change, salaries should be raised, but there might be a saving by getting along with fewer people.

The government got back from the American Sugar company all the money which it stole at New York, and the department of justice is after the officers and the employes criminally. The president does not want a congressional investigation of this matter now because he thinks it might spell immunity for some of the guilty persons.

Many of the lynchings are due to the delays of the courts, the president believes, and he intends to have a commission suggest a remedy for this.

The president asks for the enactment of a law forbidding injunctions without previous notice, and an opportunity to be heard on the other side, unless a delay would entail great injury. If an injunction is issued without previous notice it shall expire in seven days or less, according to the discretion of the court, unless it is renewed after previous notice is given and an opportunity for the other side to be heard.

The president warmly favors an amalgamation of the various health bureaus of the government outside the army and navy, under one head, to be called the bureau of public health. While the president would not lift the health bureau to the dignity of a department, no doubt the work which will be carried on by the new bureau will equal in importance that of some departments.

A ship subsidy to encourage American shipping, publicity of political contributions in elections of members of congress and a fund of $50,000 to aid in suppressing the "White Slave" trade are recommended.

Record Flight In Bi-Plane

Paris, Dec. 10.—Maurice Farman made what is claimed to be a cross-country flight in a straight line of record length. Ascending at a suburb of Versailles in a bi-plane of his own construction, Farman flew to Chartres, a distance of forty-four miles, in fifty-three minutes.

FOR THE THIRD TIME

Fall River Cotton Manufacturers Waive Right to Reduce Wages

Fall River, Mass., Dec. 8.—There will be no reduction in the wages paid the 20,000 operatives in Fall River cotton mills during the next six months. This was announced by the Cotton Manufacturers' association, following a conference with the Textile union representatives, at which the manufacturers waived their rights to cut wages.

Under the provisions of the sliding scale agreement they were entitled to reduce wages 8 percent, their margin of profit during the past six months having decreased in that proportion. They explained, however, that having stocked up well with cotton at low prices, they are able to give the operatives the benefit of the existing high prices.

This is the third consecutive time the manufacturers have waived their rights.

CROSS APPEAL FILED

Labor Federation Sends Bucks Case to the Supreme Court

Washington, Dec. 8.—The American Federation of Labor noted a cross appeal to the United States supreme court from the decision of the district court of appeals in the injunction case of the Bucks Stove and Range company of St. Louis. Chief Justice Shepard allowed the appeal.

The St. Louis concern some time ago appealed from the decision on the ground that the court erred in modifying the injunction of the lower court.

This cross appeal of the labor organization is based on the theory that the appellate court ought to have further modified the decree or reversed it. The result of both appeals, it is suggested, leaves the decision of the court of appeals friendless before the supreme court.

HEAVY EXPENSES IN STEEL TRIAL

Defendants In Boston's Famous Case Declared Not Guilty

Boston, Dec. 9.—The steel case, estimated to have cost the county of Suffolk in the neighborhood of $25,000 and the defendants $150,000, is a thing of the past. By the verdict of the jury nine individuals, all connected in one capacity or another with some one of the indicted corporations, walked forth from the court room as free men.

Six corporations were also declared guiltless of any conspiracy to cheat or defraud by collusive bids or to have been parties to an illegal monopoly.

Besides the cost to the county, the cost to the men and corporations tried must have been enormous. During the greater part of the trial all the individuals and corporations were represented by counsel, of whom there were twenty-five, all charging fees in proportion to the importance of the case and the wealth of their clients.

BOARDING SCHOOL BURNED

Young Women Have to Depend Upon Hospitality of Townsfolk

West Hurwich, Mass., Dec. 10.—Forty young women, pupils at the Ben Pinex boarding school here, were forced to forsake the pleasures of a birthday party for a temporarily cold and shelterless place of safety out of doors, retreating from a fire which destroyed the school and outbuildings last night.

No one of the girls, none of whom is over her teens, was hurt. Rev. Thomas Bickford, master of the school, secured shelter for them in the homes of the townsfolk.

The loss will be about $25,000, including that on the personal belongings of the pupils. The school building was of recent erection.

FRENCH AVIATOR KILLED

Motor Explodes While Aeroplane Is 1600 Feet From the Ground

Nice, France, Dec. 7.—M. Fernandez, the French aviator, was instantly killed, following the explosion of the motor when his aeroplane was being maneuvred at an estimated height of 1600 feet. The machine crumpled, and with its pilot dropped to earth.

M. Fernandez had accomplished several interesting features. The height attained by him at the moment of the accident might have constituted a world's record had it been officially observed and recorded.

Roosevelt Returns In June

Washington, Dec. 7.—Word has been received here from former President Roosevelt to the effect that he and his son, Kermit, are in the best of health and spirits, and that they expect to return to the United States some time next June.

Mrs. Wilhelm Guilty of Murder

New York, Dec. 9.—Mrs. Mary J. Wilhelm was found guilty of murder in the second degree, with a recommendation for mercy, for the killing of her husband, Frank Wilhelm. He was shot to death in his home here on Feb. 1 last.

Two New Rear Admirals

Washington, Dec. 8.—The rank of rear admiral was conferred upon A. C. Dillingham and Hugo Osterhaus by the navy department. Osterhaus has been assigned to the command of the fourth division of the Atlantic battleship fleet.

King Edward as Arbitrator

London, Dec. 5.—King Edward, through the foreign office, formally accepted the invitation to act as arbitrator of the Alsop claim dispute between the United States and Chili.

BOUND OVER WITHOUT BAIL

Hattie Le Blanc Must Explain Murder Case to Grand Jury

MRS. GLOVER HER GUARDIAN

Fact Made Public For First Time When Wife of Murdered Man Appears at Hearing as a Witness—Accused Girl Now Declares That Glover Was Shot as He Was Helping Her Out of Laundry Window

Waltham, Mass., Dec. 9.—Hattie Le Blanc is held for the grand jury. All the government tried to show at the hearing before Judge Lace was that Clarence F. Glover was shot in the Waltham laundry on the night of Nov. 20, and in his dying statement said that Hattie Le Blanc killed him.

Judge Lace deemed the evidence sufficient to hold the young woman, and she was bound over without bail for the session of the grand jury beginning on the first Monday in January in East Cambridge.

As Miss Le Blanc is only 16 years old the hearing of her case was private, as the law says all juvenile cases shall be. For three hours the girlish looking prisoner sat in the small library of the district court and listened to the testimony of witnesses without understanding hardly anything of what was said. She speaks only a few words of English.

Perhaps the most interesting witness at the hearing was Mrs. Lillian M. Glover, widow of the murdered man. She had been subpoenaed by the counsel for the defense and her testimony occupied about thirty-five minutes, it is said.

That Mrs. Glover is the legal guardian of Hattie Le Blanc became known yesterday for the first time.

It is optional with the guardian or parent whether they appear or not. In addition to the notice sent Mrs. Glover, as guardian of the girl, she was also served with a regular summons by the counsel for the defense, which made her attendance compulsory.

Hattie Le Blanc's story which her lawyers expect will free her caused decided comment when it became known that she declares Glover was shot as he helped her from the laundry window.

She has changed in many ways her original story to the police. She now declares that while in the main room of the laundry both she and Glover heard someone coming in the outer door of the laundry opening into the office.

As he heard the sound Glover called out: "Get out of here; run quick, Hattie."

Hattie Le Blanc then says she started to run toward the rear of the laundry, knowing she could escape by the door down stairs. Glover followed close behind, urging her to hurry.

She does not know that anyone was pursuing, but believes there was. Glover rushed after her in her headlong rush down the stairs.

She made for the window, and as she gained the sill Glover pushed her outside. She dropped to the ground and started to run. Just at this instant she heard the shots. This she claims is all she knows of the shooting.

Hattie also declared that on the night before Glover was shot Mrs. Glover asked her to go to the theatre, and they both visited the Scenic theatre in Waltham.

DEATH FOR MUTINEERS

Fourteen Filipinos Implicated in Killing of Roy Libby Are to Be Shot

Manila, Dec. 9.—Fourteen of the second company of native constabulary, stationed at Davao, Mindanao, which mutinied on the night of June 6, were yesterday sentenced to death after being convicted of murder.

The murder charge is based on the killing of Roy Libby when the mutineers returned and attacked the town.

The trials were held at Davao, Judge Gale presiding. Twenty-three men mutinied, eight of whom were killed resisting arrest, while one turned state's evidence.

CARRIE'S LITTLE HATCHET

It Is Used With Disastrous Effect In a Washington Barroom

Washington, Dec. 9.—Carrie Nation entered the bar at the Union railroad station and with a hatchet destroyed all the liquor bottles and expensive paintings in sight.

After a struggle with the barkeepers and two policemen she was taken in the patrol wagon to the fifth precinct police station and locked up.

SHELDON INDICTED

Former Head of Phenix Company Is Charged With Grand Larceny

New York, Dec. 9.—The grand jury handed down an indictment charging grand larceny against George P. Sheldon, former president of the Phenix Insurance company.

Though the company is alleged to have lost $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 through misappropriations and speculations, only the specific sum of $15,000 is mentioned in the bill.

The indictment is declared by Sheldon's friends to be against a dying man.

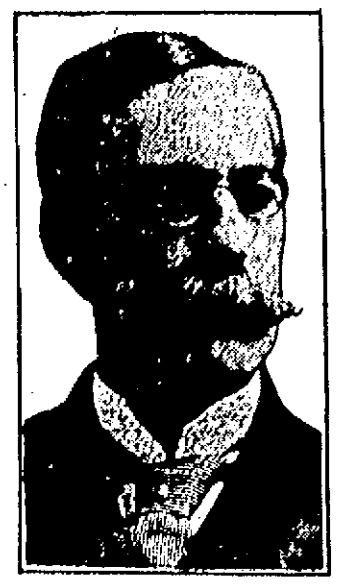
Shrapnel Failed to Hit Balloon

New York, Dec. 5.—A big army balloon, which was sent up at the United States army proving grounds at Sandy Hook, withstood for several hours a shower of shrapnel which was fired at intervals from Fort Hancock.

CULBERSON'S SUCCESSOR

Money Is Chosen Leader of Minority in the Senate

Washington, Dec. 10.—In caucus the Democratic senators elected Senator Hernando De Soto Money of Mississippi as minority leader of the senate to succeed Senator Culberson of Texas, whose resignation was presented yesterday.



SENATOR MONEY

As Money's term will expire March 3, 1911, and John H. Williams has been elected to succeed him, the election of Money can have no broad significance as to the future policy of the Democratic party. Money is one of the last of the "Democrats of the old school," like Daniel of Virginia.

IS ACCEPTABLE TO FLOWERY KINGDOM

Calhoun of Chicago Is Appointed Minister to China

Washington, Dec. 7.—Announcement was made at the state department of the appointment of William J. Calhoun of Chicago as minister to China. Calhoun has accepted the appointment and the Chinese government has indicated its pleasure in receiving him.

Calhoun's most conspicuous service to the United States was in connection with the culmination of troubles in Venezuela. He acted as commissioner in the adjustment of difficulties with President Castro. This service established a reputation for Calhoun with the state department as a diplomat of tact and patience.

Calhoun was born in Pittsburg and is just past 61 years old. He is now a member of the firm of Calhoun, Lyford & Sheean of Chicago.

Marshal Field's Great Wealth

Chicago, Dec. 8.—The net receipts from the estate of the late Marshal Field from March 1, 1907, to June 30, 1909, were $34,022,349, according to a report filed in the probate court by the executors.

Caruso to Wed Shop Girl?

Milan, Dec. 9.—The newspapers here announce that Caruso, the tenor, is to be married shortly to a beautiful Sicilian who has been working as a shop girl here.

TORE HIS SKIN OFF IN SHREDS

Itching was Intense—Humor Spread from Hands to Body—Work Interrupted and Sleep Often Impossible—Disease Resisted Treatment

BUT CUTICURA CURED HIM IN THREE WEEKS

"My trouble commenced about two years ago and consisted, at first, of an eruption of small pustules on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutakoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."

SKIN HEALTH

Effected by Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scalled head; the facial disfigurement, as in acne and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in tetter, or salt rheum—all demand a remedy of extraordinary virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent (liquid or pills) are such stands proven by unquestioned testimonials.

Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), for in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60, to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp. Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

MONEY DEPOSITED IN THE

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

NEWPORT BRANCH

On or before November 15 draws interest from November 1.

BOARD OF MANAGERS

CYRUS P. BROWN, GEORGE R. CHASE, HENRY A. CLARKE, OTIS EVERETT, JEREMIAH W. FOSTER, ANGUS McLEOD, THOMAS P. PECKHAM, HENRY A. C. TAYLOR.

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

HOLIDAY ATTRACTION IN

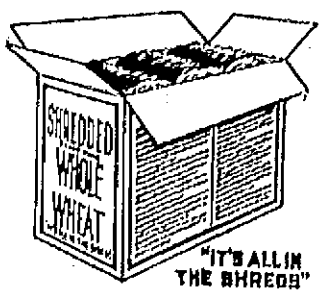
MILLINERY

All our fine trimmed Hats at a great reduction to give all a chance to get a choice Hat at a Bargain.

Millinery Trimmings

OFFERED AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Bargains at SCHREIER'S.



"IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS"

OUR SUPPLY OF

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

the favorite breakfast cereal, is always fresh. We carry no stale stocks of anything.

S. S. THOMPSON.

The cheapest place to buy, if you draw your own coal.

All coal loaded from overhead

No delay in the yard.

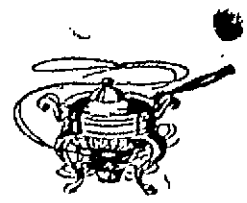
Absolutely clean coal.

NEWPORT COAL COMPANY

"Weights Guaranteed."

Phone 222 Opp. Post Office

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time, have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculists' prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

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BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent.

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27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to

2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE,

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management.

Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.

Rates, $1 up. Special Rates by the Week.

P. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S.

CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.

"He's—he's not that sort."

"Ah," reflected Deppingham, "he is a gentleman?"

Genevra flushed. "Yes, I'm sure he is."

"I say, Genevra," he said, looking straight into her rebellious eyes, "you're in love with Chase. Why don't you marry him?"

"You—you are really delirious, Deppy," she cried. "The fever has"—

"He's good enough for any one—even you," went on his lordship coolly.

"He may have a wife," said she, collecting her wits with rare swiftness. "Who knows? Don't be silly, Deppy."

"Rubbish! Haven't you stuffed Agy and me full of the things you found out concerning him before he left Thorberg, and afterward—the letters from the ambassador's wife and the glowing things your St. Petersburg friends have to say of him, eh? Besides, he'd give his head to marry you—having already lost it."

"You are very amusing, Deppy, when you try to be clever. Is there a clause in that silly old will compelling me to marry any one?"

"Of course not, my dear princess, but I fancy you've got a will of your own. Where there's a will there's a way. You'd marry him tomorrow if—if"—

"If I were not amply prepared to contest my own will?" she supplied airily.

"No; if your will was not wrapped in convention three centuries old. You won't marry Chase because you are a princess. I'm awfully sorry for you, Genevra."

"Sorry for me? Dear me!"

"You're tremendously gone on him."

"Nonsense! Why, I couldn't marry Mr. Chase," she exclaimed, irritable at last. "Don't put such things into my head—I mean don't get such things into that ridiculous old head of yours. Are you forgetting that I am to become Karl's wife in June? You are babbling, Deppy."

"Well, let's say no more about it," he said, lying back resignedly. "It's too bad, that's all. Chase is a man. Karl isn't. You loathe him. I don't wonder that you turn pale and look frightened. Take my advice—take Chase."

"Don't!" she cried, a break in her voice. She arose and went swiftly toward the window. Then she stopped and turned upon him, her lips parted as if to give utterance to the thing that was stirring her heart so violently. The words would not come. She smiled plaintively and said instead: "Good night! Get a good sleep."

"The same to you," he called feverishly.

"Deppy," she said firmly, a red spot in each cheek, her voice tense and strained to a high pitch of suppressed decision, "I shall marry Karl Brabetz. That will be the end of your Mr. Chase."

"I hope so," he said. "But I'm not so sure of it if you continue to love him as you do now."

She went out with her cheeks burning and a frightened stir in her heart. Her thoughts raced back to Neenah's airy prophecy.

How could she face the charge, "I'm not so sure of it," unless she killed the indictment, "If you love him as you do now."

Lady Agnes and Browne passed by without seeing her and entered the window. She heard him say something to his companion, softly, tenderly—she knew not what it was. And Lady Agnes laughed—yes, nervously. Ah, but Agnes was playing! She was not in love with this man. It was different. It was not what Neenah meant—nor Deppingham, honest friend that he was.

Down below she heard voices. She wondered—inconsistently alert—whether he was one of the speakers. Thomas Saunders and Miss Pelham were coming in from the terrace. They were in love with each other! They could be in love with each other. There was no law, no convention that said them nay! They could marry—and still love! "If you continue to love him as you do now" battered at the doors of her conscience.

Her maid came in, and she prepared for bed. Left alone, she perched herself in the window seat to cool her heated face with the breezes that swept on ahead of the storm which was coming up from the sea. Her heart was hot; no breeze could cool it; nothing but the ice of decision could drive out the fever that possessed it.

"It is impossible—incredible!" she was saying to herself. "I could not love him like that. I should hate him. God above me, am I not different from these women whom I have known and pitied and despised? Am I not different from Gudrun von Herrick? Am I not different from Prince Henri's wife? Ah, and they loved too! And is he not different from those other men—those weak, unmanly men who came into the lives of those women? Ah, yes, yes! He is different."

She sat and stared out over the black sea, lighted fitfully by the distant lightning. There she pronounced sentence upon him—and herself. There was no place for him in her world. He should feel her disdain; he should suffer for his presumption. Presumption? In what way had he offended? She put her hands to her eyes, but her lips smiled—smiled with the memory of the kiss she had returned.

"What a fool! What a fool I am!" she cried aloud, springing up resolutely. "I must forget. I told him I couldn't, but I can—I can." Halfway across the room she stopped, her hands clinched fiercely. "If—if Karl were only such as he!" she moaned.

She went to her dressing table and resolutely unlocked one of the drawers, as one would open a case in which the most precious of treasures was kept.

"It was so silly of me!" she muttered. "I shall not keep them for him." The drawer was partly filled with cigarettes. She took one from among the rest and placed it between her red lips, a reckless light in her eyes. A match was struck, and then her mind seemed to be in the clutch of some invisible force. The light flickered and died in her fingers. A blush suffused her face, her eyes, her neck. Then, with a guilty, shamed, tender smile, she dropped the cigarette into the drawer. She turned the key.

"No," she said to herself; "I told him that I was keeping them for him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CASE OF GUERRE

One of the Queerest Stories of Doubles In History.

AUDACITY OF THE IMPOSTOR.

He Deceived Not Only the Sisters, but Even the Wife, of the Man Whose Place He Usurped—The Return of the Real Guerre and the Exposure.

Perhaps the most remarkable case of doubles in all history is that of Martin Guerre, a Frenchman, who was born near Bayonne in the first half of the sixteenth century. Martin Guerre was the son of a well to do farmer and brickmaker, and, as was the custom of the country at the time, he married at the age of eleven Bertrande de Rols, who had then reached the age of ten. For eight years they lived together.

Unfortunately Martin stole a bushel of corn from his father. Frightened by the heinousness of his crime, he deserted his wife and fled to Spain. There he entered the service of Emperor Charles V. and after several years of campaigning seems to have forgotten his wife, Bertrande, and his baby boy, Sancho. At any rate, he ceased to write home, and his family lost all trace of him. His absence stretched on to eight years.

Then one evening a stranger arrived at the inn of the village where the deserted wife was still living. He at once told his host that he was Martin Guerre and recounted the adventures and hardships that had kept him from home so long. The rumor of Martin Guerre's return soon spread, and his four sisters hastened to the hostelry to welcome him home. They found him much changed. He had gone eight years before, scarcely more than a boy. Now he was a mature man, bronzed and bearded. Nevertheless they welcomed him, embraced him and carried the news to his wife. Bertrande hastened to him at once. When she saw him first she started back with misgiving. But he addressed her tenderly, repeated word for word their parting conversation and mentioned details that only a husband could have known. He even spoke of the clothing he had left behind and where it could be found. Bertrande was convinced. She begged forgiveness for her doubts and threw herself into his arms. An uncle arrived. He, too, hesitated, but the newcomer detailed to him all the minutiae of their business transactions eight years before, and he also was convinced.

The upshot of the matter was that this newly arrived Martin Guerre returned home with his wife and lived happily and without suspicion with her for four years. During this time they had two children, and Martin's father at his death bequeathed him a farm.

However, a soldier passing through the village declared that he had seen Martin at the siege of St. Quentin, that he had lost a leg there, but that he was still alive, and the soldier left a written deposition to that effect. The rumor spread that the man living as Martin Guerre was an impostor.

Bertrande at this filed a criminal information against the man to whom for four years she had granted the rights of a husband. He was described in the accusation as Arnault du Tilh and was committed to prison. The prisoner said that the uncle had influenced his wife and that the whole charge was a conspiracy to deprive him of his fortune of 8,000 livres. He submitted to a searching interrogatory, after the French fashion, and answered all questions satisfactorily. He told of his campaigns and revealed the most intimate details of the family history. He relied for his defense, too, on the four sisters who still called him brother, on his four years' life with Bertrande with her consent, and pressed her in the presence of the judges to swear that he was not her real husband, declaring that if she so swore he was ready to forfeit his head. Bertrande refused to take this oath. She was confused by his confident manner.

In the trial 150 witnesses were examined. Of this number forty deposed that the man was the real Martin Guerre, fifty deposed that he was Arnault du Tilh, and sixty declined to pronounce any opinion, owing to the extraordinary resemblance. In spite of the conflicting evidence the judge pronounced him guilty. He at once appealed to the parliament of Toulouse.

On this appeal thirty witnesses were re-examined. Ten deposed that he was Martin Guerre, eight that he was an impostor, and the remainder confessed that they were too bewildered to have any opinion. The judges were sorely perplexed and leaned to the side of the prisoner.

By a curious coincidence just at this juncture the real Martin Guerre made his appearance on the scene. He showed the same marks on his face as those borne by the prisoner. The men were confronted with each other in court. Even the four sisters, who till now had clung to their belief in the prisoner, confessed their mistake. The prisoner lost his nerve, confessed his crime and begged forgiveness. He was condemned to death and executed. The real Martin was restored to his rights.—Conrad Oak in New York Tribune.

Originality.

"Why did you accept George?"

"He was so much more original than the other fellows."

"In what way?"

"He was the one that asked me to be his wife."—Puck.

SLOW DEATH.

Disease Usually Takes a Long Time to Kill, Says a Scientist.

Few indeed are the men and women of full age, say twenty-five, who have not yet contracted the malady that will kill them, according to that distinguished scientist and physician Dr. Felix Regnault. Normally, as contemporary investigators are beginning to find out, it takes twenty years for a fatal malady to kill a patient; it may take thirty years. The popular impression is that a man may die suddenly or that he may require only a year to die in or six months. To be sure, a man may be killed or a child may die in a few months at the age of one year. But, ordinarily speaking, all deaths are very slow, indeed, and about 95 per cent of civilized adults are now stricken with fatal diseases. They do not know it. They may not suffer from them. In due time they will have their cases diagnosed as cancer or tuberculosis or diabetes, or what not. But so inveterate are current misconceptions of the nature of death that the origin of the fatal malady—in time—will be miscalculated by from ten to thirty years.

In the case of human beings death, barring accident, is nearly always caused by some specific malady. This malady is as likely as not to be cured—what is called cured. The cure, however, no matter how skillful the treatment or how slight the disease, has left a weakness behind it in some particular organ of the body. One of the organs is, if not prematurely worn out, at least so worn that its resisting powers are greatly diminished. All of us in this way when we have reached a certain age possess an organ that is much older than the rest of the physique. One day we shall die because of this organ. Even if we live to be very old, indeed, we shall not die of old age, but of weakness of the lungs or of the kidneys or of the liver or of the brain.—Current Literature.

FRAUD ORDERS.

The Way Our Postoffice Inspectors Protect the Public.

When a person or firm that is unknown to the postoffice inspectors begins to receive large quantities of letters the inspectors begin to investigate. They visit the office of the concern and learn what they can. If it is a legitimate and honest business it is not interfered with. But if it looks "shady," if it happens to be a mining or land scheme that offers large returns upon the investment of money, the inspectors abstract a dozen or so of the incoming letters from the mail, get the names and addresses of the writers and then reseal the letters and permit them to be delivered.

The next move for the inspectors is to visit the persons whose names and addresses were taken from the letters and to get from them the correspondence of the supposed fraudulent concern. With this the inspectors "make" a case and either cause the arrest of the dishonest persons or cause a "fraud order" to be issued against it.

A "fraud order" is simply an order made by the postal authorities at Washington declaring that such a business is fraudulent and warning the public against sending money to it. After that each letter coming addressed to that concern is stamped "fraud" in red ink across its face and returned to the sender.

Thousands of schemes for defrauding the public has been stopped by the postal authorities, and they are always on the watch for them.—Kansas City Star.

Disagreeable.

Aunt—I can tell at a glance what other people are thinking of me. Niece (absentmindedly)—How very disagreeable for you, auntie!

Although the world is full of suffering, it is full of the overcoming of it.—Keller.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Complete Control

All necessary operations in writing, billing or statistical work are accomplished from the keyboard of the light running, easy action Model 10 (Visible)

Complete, Straight Line Keyboard
Removable and Interchangeable Platens
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Drop Forged Type Bars
Perfect Line Lock
Bichrome Ribbon
Uniform Touch
Ball Bearing Type Bar
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Visible Writing
A Key for Every Character
Perfect Erasing Facilities
Interchangeable Carriages
Right and Left Carriage Release Levers
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Protected Ribbon
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Perfect Dust Guard
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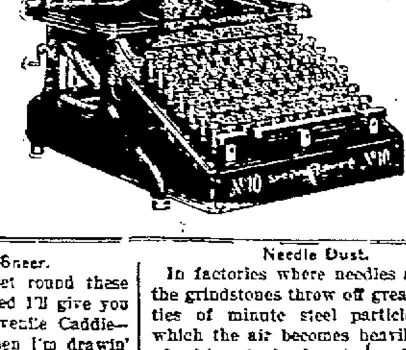

Helped Him to Hurry.

Prince Bismarck once told a story of the battlefield of Koeniggratz. The old emperor, then king of Prussia, had exposed himself and his staff to the enemy's fire in a very reckless fashion and would not hear of retreating to a safe distance. At last Prince Bismarck rode up to him, saying: "As a responsible minister I must insist upon your majesty's retreat to a safe distance. If your majesty were to be killed the victory would be of no use to us." The king saw the force of this and slowly retreated, but in his zeal returned again and again to the front. "When I noticed it," Prince Bismarck went on, "I only rose in my saddle and looked at him. He understood it perfectly and called out rather angrily, 'Yes, I am coming.' But we did not get on fast enough, and at last I rode close up to the king, took my foot out of the right stirrup and secretly gave his horse an energetic kick. Such a thing had never before happened to the fat mare, but the move was successful, for she shot off in a fine canter."

The Caddie's Sneer.

Golfer—The day I get round these links in under a hundred I'll give you a shilling, Sandy! Juvenile Caddie—Hoo will I want it when I'm drawin' me auld age pension?—London Punch.

His Vowels.

Ethel—Have you noticed how Lord Blinker drops his aspirates? Fred—It's nothing to the way he drops his vowels; I've got more than a dozen of his I O U's myself.—London Scraps.

Psalms Not Barred.

The other evening Miss Y., a maiden lady of uncertain years, suspecting the cook was entertaining her beau downstairs, called Martha and inquired whether she did not hear some one talking with her.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" cried the quick witted Martha. "It was only me singing a psalm."

"Very good," returned Miss Y. significantly. "You may amuse yourself with psalms, but let's have no hims."

Needle Dust.

In factories where needles are made the grindstones throw off great quantities of minute steel particles, with which the air becomes heavily charged, although the dust is too fine to be perceptible to the eye. Breathing the dust shows no immediate effect, but gradually sets up irritation, usually ending in pulmonary consumption. Ineffective attempts were made to screen the air by gauze or linen guards for nose and mouth. At last the use of the magnet was suggested, and now masks of magnetized steel wire are worn by workmen and effectually remove the metal dust before the air is breathed.—London Graphic.

Unprincipled Wretch.

"You simply cannot trust anybody!" declared the lady. "My maid, whom I had the utmost confidence in, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch."

"That is too bad," sympathizes the friend. "Which one was it?"

"That very pretty one I smuggled through last year."—Life.

As Expanded.

A diminutive specimen of juvenile femininity yclept Miss Muffet had placed herself in a sitting posture upon an article of household furniture ordinarily termed an ottoman or hassock, ministering to the gratification of her gustatory organs by ingurgitating the coagulated portion of bovine lacteal fluid mingled with the watery serum of the same which remains after the coagulated portion has been segregated and withdrawn.

Happening to glance downward, she observed that a specimen of the genus araneida, class arachnida, remarkable for its ability to produce filaments of extraordinary tenuity from its own interior, had taken a position upon the ottoman or hassock in immediate proximity to her.

Which totally unexpected incident aroused her apprehension to such an extent that she immediately, not to say precipitately, arose from her sitting posture and departed from the locality, leaving the intruder in undisputed possession of the apartment—

FILIPINO WOMEN.

Their Cares Begin Early, and They Win Husbands by Hard Work.

"Filipino women know how to win husbands," says an American woman who is living at Manila. "It is a common thing in the islands to see a girl, young and brown and strong, crushing rice with a heavy wooden mallet, while around her sit a number of admiring swains, looking on, but never dreaming of offering to help. And the girl doesn't expect it. She pounds cheerfully away, and by and by her reward comes in a husband to work for.

"Life accustoms the Filipino woman to labor at a very early age. As a tiny girl she is rarely seen without an appendage in the shape of a baby brother or sister perched on her little brown hip. When she grows a few inches taller and a few degrees stronger she is pressed into service as a water carrier, bearing heavy jars of water poised gracefully on her head from the river to her home. Now, too, she works in the fields, and a vivid bit of color she makes in her short kilted scarlet skirt. When she becomes a woman—and she is a woman at fifteen or before—she may have a small shop to tend, and there is the rice to beat and much other work to do.

"Marriage brings no vacation. She is pretty sure to have many children to care for. She tends the fields, cooks and frequently has a stall in the market for several hours a day. But when the women are really old then their rest time comes. They sit quietly by, looking on as life goes past them, but taking part no more. In spite of the hard labor they have had there is generally a very peaceful look in the brown, wrinkled faces of these old women."—New York Tribune.

A ROYAL BED.

The Magnificent One That Was Used by Queen Elizabeth.

An interesting description of the magnificence of a bedstead ordered for Queen Elizabeth's use is found in a "wardrobe warrant" dated 1581 and quoted in "Gleanings After Time." It was of walnut tree, richly carved, painted and gilded. The celure, tester and valance were of cloth of silver, figured with velvet, lined with changeable taffeta and deeply fringed with Venice gold, silver and silk.

The curtains were of costly tapestry curiously and elaborately worked, every seam and every border laid with gold and silver lace, caught up with long loops and buttons of bullion.

The headpiece was of crimson satin of Bruges, edged with a passaymayne of crimson silk and decorated with six ample plumes containing seven dozen ostrich feathers of various colors profusely decorated with gold spangles.

The counterpoint was of orange colored satin quilted with cutwork of cloths of gold and silver and of satins of every imaginable tint embroidered with Venice gold, silver spangles and beautifully colored silks fringed to correspond and lined with orange sarcenet.

This was a queen's bed, but almost equally gorgeous ones were common for several centuries. In the reign of Queen Anne a bedstead put up as a prize in a lottery was reported to have cost over £3,000.—London Family Herald.

Graft In the Household.

The tipping system has become acute now that graft is boldly recognized as "business," and the world has no shame for the majority of workers in the vineyard. A charming young matron exclaimed the other day that graft had even invaded her household. She was asked how that were possible and replied, "I have discovered that my most trusted and faithful maid has been approached by some one who shall be nameless to advise the cook, who is another treasure, to leave me." "But she did not?" "Yes, she did," said the young matron, laughing. "Yes, she did, and I don't blame her for the price. My nice Julia was paid $20 to sell me out, and the cook's wages are about double what I can pay." "A case of bribery." "Not at all—plain, unvarnished graft," was the philosophic response.—Boston Herald.

One of Field's Jokes.

Edward Everett Hale greatly enjoyed a joke which was perpetrated on him by Eugene Field. Field celebrated one of Dr. Hale's visits to Chicago by giving a luncheon in his honor and inviting a number of prominent persons to meet him. "Field was aware," said Dr. Hale, "that I was a temperance man, and therefore I was somewhat surprised to see that the table on which the luncheon was served was very abundantly supplied with bottles labeled 'Whisky,' 'Brandy' and 'Champagne.' But when these bottles came to be uncorked they were all found to contain nothing but water!"

Effective.

A Chicago judge recently rebuked a person who was sitting in the courtroom with his feet placed upon the table by sending him, through a bailiff, a piece of paper on which he had written the following query: "What size boots do you wear?" The feet were at once withdrawn.

No Panic.

"We had a bad fire scare in church today."

"Good gracious! Was there a panic?"

"Not to notice. The minister preached on the infernal regions."—New York Journal.

Prodigal.

"That fellow seems to be extravagant."

"Hopelessly. He spends his own money just as if it were the government's."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Excessive anger against human stupidity is itself one of the most provoking of all forms of stupidity.—Von Radowitz.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

RELIEVED HER MIND.

Mr. Terry Upheld His Better Half In the Umbrella Matter.

"Mercy me!" said Mrs. Terry. "Your father's left his umbrella! Here, Willie, run quick and catch him before his car comes!" She thrust an elegant gold handled umbrella into Willie's hands, and he raced out after his father, arriving at the car track barely in time to see his ponderous figure swing itself up the steps. And the car moved on.

As Willie stood there a man approached.

"What's the matter, son?" he inquired. Willie elucidated.

"Well," said the man, "that's easy. I'm going downtown on the next car, and I'll take it to him."

When Willie returned without the umbrella his mother rejoiced.

"You caught him, did you?" she smiled. Willie shook his head.

"But I did the next best thing, mother," he said. "I gave it to a man who was going downtown to give it to him." Mrs. Terry stared at him.

"Who was the man?" she asked. Willie looked foolish.

"I don't know," he said at last. "But he looked honest."

"That umbrella cost $12," said Mrs. Terry sternly. "Come here to me." And shortly thereafter people passing wondered who was being slain.

That evening Mr. Terry returned bearing the umbrella. Mrs. Terry gazed at it, fascinated.

"Where did you get it?" she asked.

"Why," said Mr. Terry, "our neighbor Mr. Wilkins brought it to me—said you sent it."

"And to think," said Mrs. Terry, "I whipped Willie for giving it to a strange man."

"Well," said Mr. Terry judicially, "I don't think it will hurt him. True, he gave it to the right man, but he didn't know that."

"That's right," said Mrs. Terry with relief.—Galveston News.

FLYING ANIMALS.

The Bodies of All of Them Are Comparatively Small.

When you increase greatly the size and the weight of any moving body, whether it be traveling on the ground, floating through the air or swimming under the water, you alter in a most serious way the proportionate effect on the moving body of what is called "friction."

It is a noteworthy fact that there are no large flying animals—large, that is to say, as animals go. It is true that there is a great range in the size of flying animals, from the minutest flies up to the condor vulture and the albatross. But the bodies of those birds are small, not larger than that of an ordinary dog, and the stretch of the wings is only about ten feet, while their weight in proportion to size is reduced by great internal air sacs, which extend even into the bones.

Even when we examine the records of "extinct monsters," among which are some huge creatures as big in body as the biggest elephants of today and longer by reason of their great lizardlike tails, we find no instances of very big flying creatures. The extinct group of the flying reptiles—called pterodactyles because the wing was supported by an enormously elongated finger—are mostly small creatures, not bigger than eagles and usually of less size. The largest known had an expanse of wing giving eighteen feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, but its body was a little thing, not bigger than that of a swan. This is the largest pair of wings known, and we must remember that in these larger pterodactyles and birds the bones are thin walled, hollow cylinders filled with air, so that these creatures are not only small, but have a small specific gravity.—Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

The Kat Plant.

In parts of Abyssinia and Yemen the natives use a plant called kat (Catha edulis), the effects of which are similar to those of the Peruvian coca. The freshly cut leaves have a rather pleasant taste and produce a kind of intoxication of long duration, with none of the disagreeable features of ordinary inebriety. Messengers and soldiers are enabled by chewing the leaves to go without food for a number of days. Among those who abuse the habit the body tends to dry, the visage becomes emaciated, and nervous trouble follows, the most usual being a trembling of the limbs, but these cases are rare. At times a too copious absorption of kat produces a state of drunkenness, particularly when the large leaves are employed.—New York Post.

The Kind of Critter He Was.

It was at the Cliff Dwellers, Chicago's literary club, and one of the members had just made a terrible, irremediable break about another—made it in his presence and that of several other members.

"What ought I to do now?" asked the breakmaker, much embarrassed.

"If I were you," suggested Fred Richardson, the artist, who had heard the whole proceeding, "I should go out and wiggle my ears and eat another thistle."—Success Magazine.

The Humorous Nature.

"Haw, haw! I see that old Jones has been swindled out of £200."

"Anything funny about that?"

"Why, yes! Jones is an old friend of mine."—London Scraps.

Broke the Combination.

The father of Judge W. H. Wadhams had a chicken coop and a dog and a stable hand. It began to look to Mr. Wadhams as though some one had discovered the combination. So he kept the coop and the stable hand, but he got a new dog. Next day the bent old negro who groomed the Wadhams horses came to him.

"You los' you affection foh me, boss?" he asked.

"No, Scipio," said Mr. Wadhams. "I like you as well as ever."

"Then," asked Scipio peevishly, "why'n't you le old Rover in de chicken coop stid of dat new dog?"—Argonaut.

THE EAGLE'S EYE.

A Screen That Protects It Against a Too Brilliant Light.

The eagle that stares proudly at the sun has now been found to be no figment of tradition.

M. de Chardonnet, in a paper communicated to the French Physical society, has shown that the eagle's eye has a special apparatus adapted to this feat, though it seems probable that he is not the only bird with this useful possession.

The apparatus is not, however, the "nictitating membrane" which all of us have perceived in looking even at the barnyard fowl. That is a mechanism designed merely to wipe the eye and to keep it clear of dust.

M. de Chardonnet's discovery was made while he was studying the transparency of the central part of the eyes of animals. He had already noticed that the eyes of night birds, such as owls, were more transparent than any other for ultra violet rays, and he had tried to push the experiments further by ascertaining whether they would be affected by ultra violet rays alone.

These experiments failed because of the absence of responsiveness on the part of the birds, which did not appear to manifest any sensation in passing from darkness to light, whether this list was visible to human eyes or not. M. de Chardonnet's failure led him to inquire whether there was any organ of which he was ignorant in the bird's eye, such as would intervene in such circumstances.

While dissecting a bird's eye he was struck to find an organ to which French naturalists have given provisionally the name of the peigne or comb. A better idea of its function would be obtained by calling it a parasol.

This organ is formed of a very thin membrane, black-opaque and situated in the eye where the optic nerve penetrates it. The structure of this membrane is such that the retina is completely masked when the "parasol" is open. It is reasonable to suppose that the parasol is therefore a screen to protect the eye against a too brilliant light, whether the light is visible in the ordinary sense or whether it consists of ultra violet rays.

FINLAND SUMMERS.

Effect of the Famous "White Nights" Upon Vegetation.

The famous "white nights" of the north are a most surprising phenomenon to the visitor from southern climes. It is a weird experience, declares A. M. Scott in "Through Finland," to sit for the first time upon a veranda at midnight and read a newspaper or to walk home from a restaurant at 1 o'clock in the morning and to see people still gossiping at the street corners or strolling along the promenades under a bright, clear sky.

A spirit of rest and peace is over all the earth. The sky is bright, not with the fiery brilliancy of noon, but with a tender, gentle radiance. The colors of the landscape have become softened, but not blended. There are no shadows save for a week or two in June, when the bright northern sky at midnight projects faint, ghostlike shadows toward the south. The sun just dips below the horizon and no more. There is no division between the sunset and the dawn. The same rosy flush serves for both.

Summer in Finland is, in fact, one long day. Never a star is to be seen, and when the first faint star glimmers in the south it is a sign that the summer is past and that the autumn frosts have arrived.

The long light has a marvelous effect upon vegetation, forcing its growth at hothouse pace. The "white nights" account both for the suddenness of the burgeoning and for the intensity of the heat. Land and water have no time to cool. One cannot fail to be struck with the enormous size of the foliage upon the oak and hawthorn trees as compared to that to which we are accustomed. Botanists have explained this as being due to the larger supply of light. It has sometimes been suggested that we may hasten the harvests by the use of artificial lights. Nature herself does this for the Finnish farmer.

The Brondax.

A city man who went out into the Ozarks to learn to make railroad ties was asked by a native whether he was right or left handed.

"If you are left handed," he was told, "you will have to get a left handed brondax."

The city man replied: "I'm wise to this left handed monkey wrench business. I'm from the city, but I know there is no such thing as a left handed broadax." But he was wrong. A broadax is beveled on one side only. A left handed man must have an ax with the bevel on the left side.—Kansas City Times.

All Against Him.

A tailor who was defendant in a case tried in court seemed much cast down when brought up for trial.

"What's the trouble?" whispered his counsel, observing his client's distress as he surveyed the jurymen.

"It looks pretty bad for me," said the defendant, "unless some steps are taken to dismiss that jury and get in a new lot. There ain't a man among 'em but what owes me money for clothes."

Vain Regrets.

Mrs. Benham—How much did you pay the minister when we were married? Benham—Don't ask me. I hate to admit that I paid him anything.—New York Press.

Honors come by diligence; riches spring from economy.—Davis.

Of Vital Importance.

Mrs. Benham—The doctor says that mother won't live until morning. Benham—Does he promise that or merely predict it?—New York Press.

CASTORIA.
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HUGO AND THE YOUNG POET.

Praise For His Verses Which the Master Had Not Read.

A Paris contemporary tells a story of Victor Hugo and a young unknown poet. The poet, hailing from the provinces, sent to the author of "Notre Dame de Paris" a copy of his work, which he had just published in the form of a book of poems. Hugo replied in most sympathetic terms, and the young man was delighted with the letter, as well he might have been.

His joy, however, was but short lived, for a day or two later his servant announced that the package containing the volume of poems had come back through the post unopened. The package bore the legend, "Refuse par le destinataire—affranchissement insuffisant" (refused by the addressee on account of insufficient postage).

Hugo's letter was hyperbolic and in these terms: "Your work has given me a proud pleasure, under the impression of which I hasten to congratulate you. Your fame is young and radiant; mine is declining. It is the salutation of the night which departs at the rising of the dawn. You are shining, and I am dying. You emerge from oblivion; I return there.

"The heart either grows hard or breaks forth. Your sentiments have come forth, and you have written sonorous and superb poetry which consecrates you as a poet as well as affirming you as man. You are then 'deux fois mon frere' (twice my brother). Accept my admiration as great as my esteem."

SEAWEED.

Several Varieties Are Valuable For Food Purposes.

Seaweed is not much to look at, but seaweed does not depend so much upon beauty as upon more substantial merit to make itself worthy of attention. Various species of it are used in manufactures, and several varieties are edible, the most important of the latter being Irish or carrageen moss, used in the preparation of jellies—blancmange, for instance—dulse or dillesk, very highly thought of by Scotland, particularly when roasted by wrapping about hot tongs, and kelp or tangle.

Irish moss and some other species, particularly eel grass and flat stalk rock weed, have been found valuable as cattle food, especially when boiled to destroy the rank taste and mixed with meal. The eel grass and rock weed compare favorably with hay as regards the most important constituent—protein—containing 6.03 and 8.21 per cent respectively. They are deficient in fat, but contain a large amount of ash.

The great bulk of the seaweed gathered, however, is used as a fertilizer, and the average seaweed contains large quantities of all the essential fertilizing elements. Allowing 10 cents a pound for nitrogen, 2 cents a pound for phosphoric acid and 4 cents a pound for potash—and these are as low prices as it is possible to procure those materials in any form—a ton of seaweed containing 80 per cent water is worth as a fertilizer $1.42 a ton.—New York Times.

An Ancient Mountain Race.

The most ancient people still living in the mountains of India are the Todas. Long before the arrival of the other tribes of the region the Todas were the kings of this country, which they held in common without strife or treachery to one another. The Todas are a fine race, tall, well proportioned and with regular features. Their complexion is of a light brown, and their eyes are bright and intelligent. The men wear a linen or cotton garment that reminds a European of the Roman toga. Their bearing is proud and dignified; their countenances are pleasing; their fine straight hair is regularly cut and well kept. Their superior appearance, the mystery that surrounds them and the obscurity of their origin have caused certain students of ethnology to suppose that the Todas are descended from the soldiers of Darius or Alexander, the ancient conquerors of India.

Not Entertaining.

A vender of fresh shrimps had had a very unexciting day. Money was scarce. Eventually in a dreary street a woman stood shouting at the door.

Hurrying up, he asked eagerly, "A pen'orth, mum?"

"No," she replied sharply; "a hap'orth. D'ye think we've got company?"—London Scraps.

What He Lacked.

"He's got no license to talk the way he does."

"Oh, he's got a license, all right! What he lacks is a muzzle."—Cleveland Leader.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Nerve Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

Backache is almost immediately relieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 25 cents.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

A SWIFT STORY.

The Way the Dean Rebuked His Publisher, Faulkner.

An amusing story of George Faulkner, the printer of many of Dean Swift's works, who lived in Parliament street, Dublin, is told by Mr. Wilmot Harrison in "Memorable Dublin Houses." Mr. Harrison relates how Faulkner, after a visit to London on business for Swift, called to see the dean, having arrayed himself in a laced waistcoat, a bagwig and other fopperies. Swift received him ceremoniously as an entire stranger and asked:

"Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?"

"I thought it my duty to wait upon you, sir, on my return from London."

"Pray, sir, who are you?"

"George Faulkner, the printer."

"You George Faulkner, the printer! Why, thou art the most impudent, barefaced impostor I ever heard of! George Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you about your business and thank your stars that I do not send you to the house of correction!"

Poor George returned home and, having changed his dress, returned to the deanery and was received most cordially by Swift, who, having welcomed him "on his return from London," said:

"There was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat who would fain have passed for you, but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

THE OLD TIME NAVY.

Treatment of British Jack Tars In Nelson's Day.

Jack tars in the British navy in Nelson's day were treated like dogs and worse. Imps of midshipmen, twelve or thirteen years old, were permitted to cuff and kick them with impunity, and none dared protest. Torture, under the guise of punishment, was part of the regular routine of the service. From one to five dozen lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails could be inflicted at the whim of a commander, but the usual number was three dozen.

Such sentences were for trifling dereliction of duty. For really serious offenses, such as violence to a superior officer, desertion or mutiny, offenders were strung up at the yardarm or flogged round the fleet, the latter a punishment more dreaded than death itself. Other savage punishments, such as "starting," "running the gantlet" and the hideous one known as "keelhauling" were also frequently resorted to, although nominally they were illegal.

Nowadays, of course, a bluejacket, although subject to naval discipline, is in no more danger of being subjected to corporal punishment than is the average civilian.

His officers are courteous, kindly and considerate, and if his life is not a happy and comfortable one he has, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, only himself to blame.—Pearson's Weekly.

Louis the Magnificent.

As soon as he rose he was dressed by his valet in a coat of blue cloth. Two little epaulets of gold cord were sewed to the cloth. Under the coat was a white waistcoat, which was almost entirely hidden by the ribbons and wide sashes of his orders. His satin breeches ended in a pair of high boots or gaiters of red velvet, which came above the knees and were more supple than leather, for the thickness of leather on legs that were often painful from gout would have created too much friction. He made a great point of these boots. He thought that they made him look like a general, ready at any moment to spring upon a horse, though this was a physical impossibility to him since he was much too fat and too infirm. He used powder with a view to hiding the white locks of age, and this gave his complexion an appearance of youth.—From "The Return of Louis XVIII.," by Gilbert Stenger.

Telling the Time.

His horse had lost a shoe, and as it was being replaced by a Somerset blacksmith he asked the time. "I'll tell 'ee presently, sir," said the man. Then he lifted a hind foot of the horse and, looking across it attentively, said, "Half past 11."

"How do you know?" asked Coleridge.

"Do 'ee think I have shod horses all my life and don't know by sign what time it is?"

The poet went away puzzled, but returned in the evening and offered the blacksmith a shilling to show him how he could tell the time by a horse's hoof.

"Just you get off your horse, sir. Now do 'ee stoop down and look through the hole in yon pollard ash and you'll see the church clock."

Deaf Guests at Hotels.

"To waken a deaf person who wishes to be called at a certain time in the morning is about the hardest proposition a hotel clerk runs up against," said a member of that fraternity. "To ring the telephone is useless, because the man can't hear. Knocking for the same reason is futile. Now and then a guest who has lost his hearing suggests that he leave his door open, so we can walk right in and shake him, but there are so many chances of somebody less guileless than ourselves walking in ahead of us that we can't consent to that simple expedient. It seems to me that the man who can patent a device for waking the deaf is sure of fame and fortune, not to mention the gratitude of the brotherhood of hotel clerks."—New York Globe.

The Other Side.

Hank Stubbs—I fixed one uv them air agent fellers today. Bige Miller—How so? Hank Stubbs—Waal, he come sneakin' up to my front door an' ast me ef the lady uv the house wuz in, an' I said no, but the gentleman uv the barn an' hoss stables is.—Boston Herald.

SMITHSON'S BEQUEST

Origin of the Famous Smithsonian Institution.

THE CONTROL OF ITS FUNDS.

Uncle Sam's Treasury Holds Its Money, Which Can Be Used Only on Appropriation by Congress—Its Peculiar Relation to the Government.

Although the name of the Smithsonian institution is a common household word in America and millions of persons have visited the great buildings in Washington where are stored the contributions of science which have been gathered under its auspices, few understand the real relation of the institution to the national government. Most persons believe that it is a part of the government.

The Smithsonian institution, says the Washington Times, occupies a peculiar relation to this government. It is a part of it, and yet it is not a part. Its moneys are in the United States treasury and can be used only on appropriation by congress, and yet this money does not belong to the government. It is to the government only as the money of a ward is to a guardian.

James Smithson, who contributed the bulk of the fund in the hands of the institution, was an Englishman, the son of a peer of the realm. He was a man who could trace his ancestry back to royal blood. He never visited in America and was never known to have any particular partiality for America until he wrote his will in 1826. He died at Genoa in 1829, and when they opened his will this is what they read:

"I bequeathed the whole of my property to the United States of America to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

This property amounted to about $500,000, which was in that day a princely fortune. Six years after his death the United States legation at London was informed that there was about $500,000 in the possession of the adjutant general of the British court of chancery awaiting claimant.

Immediately there arose in America all kinds of opposition to the acceptance of the money. John C. Calhoun and William C. Preston urged with all the fire of their eloquence that it was beneath the dignity of this government to accept such a gift. But John Quincy Adams and others prevailed, and Richard Rush was sent to England to prosecute the claim of this government.

He was successful, and on Sept. 1, 1838, the money was delivered at the mint in Philadelphia in the shape of 104,960 gold sovereigns, which were minted into $508,318.46 in American money.

This sum by careful management and by additions from other charitably inclined persons has now become about $1,000,000, which the government keeps and pays interest upon for the maintenance of the institution.

For the first eight years the money lay in the treasury while plans were being formulated for the permanent establishment described by Smithson in his will. Thousands of letters were received, and there were schemes enough proposed to bankrupt several governments. Congressmen debated over this fund repeatedly, and hundreds of pages of the Congressional Globe were given up to it.

The institution has been worked out on such broad lines as to be one of the greatest forces in scientific research in the world.

The board of regents is composed of the vice president of the United States, the chief justice of the United States, three United States senators, three representatives and six citizens of the United States at large.

The National museum, the weather bureau, the zoological park at Washington, the fisheries bureau and the astrophysical observatory have been developed by the institution.

The objects of the institution, as described by its first secretary, Joseph Henry, have been adhered to through the years of its existence. They are to increase knowledge by original investigations and study either in science or literature and to diffuse knowledge not only through the United States, but everywhere, especially by promoting an interchange of thought among those prominent in learning in all nations. No restriction is made in favor of any one branch of knowledge.

The leading features of the plan of Professor Henry were, in his own words:

"To assist men of science in making original researches, to publish them in a series of volumes and to give a copy of them to every first class library in the world."

Books, laboratory accommodations and apparatus have been supplied to thousands of investigators throughout the United States.

A Ten Years' Penance.

It is happily seldom that the revenge of a disappointed husband takes quite such an extreme form as in the case of the man whose will ran thus: "When I remember that the only happy times I ever enjoyed were when my wife sulked with me, and when I remember that my married life might, for this reason, be considered to have been a fairly happy one because she was nearly always sulking, I am constrained to forget the repulsion the contemplation of her face inspired me with and leave her the sum of £60,000 on condition that she undertakes to pass two hours a day at my graveside for the ten years following my decease, in company with her sister, whom I have reason to know she loathes worse than she does myself."—London Tit-Bits.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Recent Deaths.

George Crocker.

Mr. George Crocker, formerly a well known summer resident of Newport, died at his New York residence last Saturday afternoon after a long illness from cancer. His wife died in Newport some five years ago from a similar ailment. Although every aid that medical and surgical science could give was employed there was no hope in either case. It is announced that Mr. Crocker has bequeathed a large amount of money to carry on the investigation into the nature and treatment of cancer.

Mr. Crocker was the son of the late California millionaire and came into a large fortune upon the death of his father.

Portsmouth.

THE SOCIAL STUDIO.

"Our Dumb Animals," in its last issue, published the following appreciative article regarding the Social Studio:

The Social Studio at Bristol Ferry, Rhode Island, was opened February 21, 1903, as a social meeting place for the neighborhood, to bring all together for work and recreation, for increased friendly acquaintance and mutual helpfulness.

The Studio with its surrounding grounds is the centre of attraction for the young people. Dancing, tennis, croquet, and other healthful and interesting games are indulged in.

The interior of the Social Studio is especially attractive, and many pleasant hours are spent there by teachers and pupils. There is a Simplex with a good assortment of music to be played, an organ to accompany the singing; there are pictures on the walls and photographs, books, magazines and music are placed at the disposal of all.

Generally during the winter, on one evening of the week, the neighbors and all who wish to join them gather together for a social time, meeting like one large family for supper, which they themselves bring.

Lessons are given in the smaller arts and crafts; useful garments are made as well as fancy work, and placed where they will do the most good. The annual exhibition, shows specimens of carving, basket work, sewing and weaving.

The teaching of kindness to every living creature is made a prominent part of the Studio work.

A Band of Mercy was formed in March, 1908, consisting of nine members. In April the members numbered forty-eight. In the following six years there has been at no time less than forty members and not over fifty-eight. Two meetings a month are held, the order of exercises beginning with repeating the pledge. Then follow singing, reports of kindness done, and an entertaining story.

A second Band of Mercy, averaging nineteen Portuguese from fifteen to twenty-eight years of age, has been especially helpful among their own countrymen, in one case supporting a family of eleven for one winter. The name is the Estrelle (Star) Band of Mercy. Weekly meetings are held from October to April, and monthly meetings through the summer. This Band of Mercy has done good work along the lines of kind treatment of animals.

Election of Officers.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F.

Noble Grand—Samuel V. Millington.
Vice Grand—Joseph H. Dunbar.
Recording Secretary—Perry B. Dawley.
Financial Secretary—Allen C. Griffith.
Treasurer—George W. Bachelier, Jr.
Trustees—George O. Lawton, Eugene Schreier, Alonzo A. Knowe.
Organist—George S. Stoddard.
Delegate to Odd Fellows' Home Association—Allen C. Griffith.

Newport Camp, No. 7677, Modern Woodmen of America.

Venerable Consul—John W. Wood.
Advisor—Jere Duggan.
Past Consul—David A. Lawton.
Clerk—Frank G. Kimball.
Banker—Charles F. Williams.
Escort—Charles C. Clark.
Watchman—Harry Rathbamp.
Sentry—William A. Freeborn.
Managers—For three years, Jonas Bergner; for two years, Gustave T. F. Mullar; for one year, Seth W. M. Battene.

By-the-Sea Aerie, Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Past Worthy President—Thomas H. Caulkins.
Worthy President—Matthew D. Tobin.
Worthy Vice President—Charles Ewart.
Secretary—William Goodman.
Treasurer—John P. Moy.
Chaplain—John Sherwood.
Board of Trustees—Thomas Hardy, William S. Rogers, Michael Honan, 1
Outside Guard—Joseph A. O'Neill.
Inside Guard—Luke Pendergast.
Physician—Francis A. Keenan, M. D.

Rhode Island Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F.

Noble Grand—Arthur G. Albee.
Vice Grand—Eben Raynor.
Recording Secretary—Gustavus Stimpson.
Treasurer—John M. Taylor.
Financial Secretary—C. Philip Frank.
Trustees—William D. Tew, James T. Wright, Thomas S. Stanhope.
Representative to Odd Fellows Home Association—Louis E. Tilley.

Roger Williams Lodge, No. 205, Sons of St. George.

Worthy President—Frederick Edney.
Worthy Vice President—Philip Bridgman
Secretary—Frederick Hall.
Treasurer—Daniel Richardson.
Assistant Secretary—C. W. Philpott.
Trustee—Albert Amey.
Chaplain—John Parker.
Inside Sentinel—John Manning.
Outside Sentinel—William Judd.
Assistant Messenger—Edward Loddington.

Italian Progressive Benefit Society.

President—A. M. Marolda.
Vice President—R. Pasqualetti.
Recording Secretary—A. Mancini.
Financial Secretary—A. Luistro.
Treasurer—E. Papa.
Trustees—M. P. Pinto, P. Coca, J. P. Pinto.
Sanitary Officials—First ward, E. E. Visco; Second ward, D. Tauriello; Third ward, M. Martino; Fourth ward, C. Gianfrido; Fifth ward, G. Luistro.
Banner Carriers—Italian flag, N. Caratarzolio; American flag, D. P. Pinto.
Standard Carrier—G. Painto.
Doorkeeper—G. Giuliana.

Court Newport, No. 119, Daughters of Isabella.

Grand Regent—Mrs. Nellie C. Barnes.
Vice Grand Regent—Mrs. Mary J. Palmer.
Prophetess—Miss Lillian E. Maher.
Monitor—Miss Bessie Shea.
Historian—Mrs. Margaret J. Reynolds.
Financial Secretary—Mrs. Nellie Collins.
Treasurer—Mrs. Katherine G. Kelley.
Trustees for three years—Mrs. Nellie Libby, Mrs. Margaret Lynch.
Inside Sentinel—Miss Mary A. Nolan.
Outside Sentinel—Mrs. Mary Martin.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D Taylor has rented in Jamestown for the summer season of 1910, to Mr. Hutchinson Scott of New York, the smaller Green Cottage on Green Lane, for the owner, Mrs. Lucretia Greene.

A. O'D Taylor has sold in Newport for William D. Tew the 2½ story cottage at 22 Bay View Avenue, with 8,717 square feet of land, to Charles Augustus Webb and his wife.

Superior Court.

The December session of the Superior Court for Newport County began at the Court House on Monday with Judge Stearns presiding. The session will not be as long nor as busy as some of the recent ones, only two weeks being assigned for Newport. In consequence of this the assignments that had been made for a third week of the session were changed, some being put forward and others postponed until March.

Seventeen tax payers were accepted and sworn in as grand jurors and went out to consider the business to come before them. They later reported an indictment against a colored man named John Martin; but he was not called to plead, the case going over until Monday when the criminal docket will be in order.

There was a discussion as to the assignment for trial of the Ball will case. It was set for March 16, but it is by no means impossible that it may be postponed when that time comes. The Walker separate maintenance case was set for hearing on the first Monday in January.

Uncontested divorce petitions were in order on Tuesday. Decrees were granted in the following cases: Nathan A. Wilbour vs. Carrie E. Wilbour, of Little Compton, desertion; Frances M. Kelley vs. Frank M. Kelley, desertion and neglect to provide; Emma K. Hackett vs. Ephraim Hackett, neglect to provide; Julia B. Kemble vs. Lee Kemble, desertion. Joseph T. McLyman, Jr., vs. Ethel M. McLyman was heard in part but no decision was rendered. In Ida A. Hansen vs. Christian T. M. Hansen, the petition was denied, this case having been before the court several times previously.

On Wednesday there was a jury trial of the case of Mary E. Walsh et al. vs. John L. Cummings. The plaintiff claimed that at a mortgagee's sale of certain property held by the plaintiff the defendant bid enough over the second mortgage to entitle her to $1100. The defendant claims that he made a mistake in his bid and that a deed was never passed to him for the property nor had he paid the amount of the bid. There were some fine legal points involved and the court finally directed the jury to return a verdict for the defendant on the ground that the rights of the parties could not be decided in that form of suit. Exception was noted.

There was but a few minutes session of the court on Thursday, there being no case for trial. The session was enlivened however by the discovery that the attorney general would clear the criminal docket next Monday, when all criminal cases must be in order for trial. This will probably result in reducing the accumulation of old cases very materially.

On Friday the case of John C. Carter vs. Arthur Lounder was heard by a jury. This was a suit to recover on book account and was strongly contested. The case was still on when the court resumed business after the noon recess.

Ladies' Auxiliary, No. 1, A. O. H.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.
Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.
Financial Secretary—Miss Mary Kearin.
Treasurer—Mrs. Thomas Shields.
Mistress at-Arms—Mrs. John J. Harrington.
Sentinel—Mrs. Albert Greaves.

"MEET ME AT BARNEY'S."

We take pleasure in announcing the occupancy of our new business home in

THE SHERMAN BUILDING,

140 Thames Street.

We take this opportunity to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past and ask a continuance of the same for the future.

Our showing of musical instruments will be very complete.

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Committee on Taxation Laws.

The Joint Special Committee on Taxation Laws, appointed under authority of a resolution of the General Assembly of 1909, "for the purpose of taking into consideration the laws of the State relative to taxation," will give a series of

PUBLIC HEARINGS

on subjects dealing with the general question of Taxation in Room 313 at the State House, during the month of December, 1909, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m.

The dates for the several hearings and the relative subjects for discussion are as follows:

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16—Local Option in Taxation.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 20—Inheritance Tax.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21—Rate and Place of Taxation for Intangible Personal Property and Mortgages.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23—Debt Exemption, and Taxation of Tangible Personal Property to Individuals Where Located.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 27—State Tax Commission, and Uniform Date of Assessment.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28—Taxation of Corporations.

The committee invites all State, City and Town Officials, Boards of Tax Assessors, and Citizens interested in these topics to be present and express their views. Discussion each day will be limited to the subject announced.

By order of the Committee,
ROBERT S. FRANKLIN, Chairman.
EDWARD P. TOBIE, Clerk.
12-11-3w

The Sign of the Santa Claus Shop.

Still ringing clear and strong in almost every house in our dear city are the remembrances of Santa's Fairyland of years gone by. He started the year with the most beautifully bewildering structure he's ever reared for you and it grows more enchanting every day as from his bottomless bag he brings forth new novelties as crowning features to his greatest of all successes. The atmosphere of this little city is so exhilatory—it brings to the eyes the sparkle of pleasures, and to the cheek the pink of excitement as you behold everywhere about you your fondest realization of fitting your purse to the really delightful gift thoughts that no dream would ever suggest the possibility of.

Beautiful Gifts that You Can Afford to Buy.

Beaten Brass.

Beaten by real Russians, who can beat American brass to a stand still. Can you beat it? Santa values this ware among his choicest, but prices are like the rest, little enough for all.

Candle Sticks,	.20	Eagle Book Ends, pair,	2.00
Finger Bowls,	.20	Eagle Book Holders,	3.00
Ash Trays,	.20	7 light Candle Sticks, pair,	4.50
Table Bells,	.40	9 light Candle Sticks, air,	6.75
Tea Caddies,	.45	Coal Holders,	7.00
Cigarette Boxes,	.75		
Jardiniers,	.85		
Card Receivers,	2.00		
Umbrella Jars,	4.00		

Sterling Silver.

The very name suggests dollars above your limit, but Santa has a way of his own at Xmas time. He knows the countless gifts you have to make so cuts not the cost but the price to merit your wishes.

Emery Balls,	.15	Hem Gauges,	.45
Book Marks,	.25	Stilettos,	.45
Silk Winders,	.30	Glove Menders,	.45
Key Rings,	.35	Sewing Tapes,	.60
Letter Openers,	.45	Bottle Openers,	1.00
Nail Files,	.45	Clothes Brushes,	1.50
Nail Cutters,	.45	Sliced Lemon Plate, with Fork,	2.25

AT THE XMAS SHOP

A. C. Titus Co., 225-229 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS — COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies traveling alone this is a great advantage.
Those trains are splendidly equipped—vestibuled buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS
Daily, Sundays included.
Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9.45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS
Daily except Sundays.
Due Washington 9.41 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.
For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,
169 THAMES STREET.

Telephone Service Saves Unnecessary Trouble

Have you ever taken a half hour trolley or train ride, and upon your arrival found that the party you went to see was out? And possibly that he was at the very moment within a short distance from your starting point? If so, why do it again? By telephoning you may locate the person you desire, and thereby save time, expense and energy.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 142 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

CITY OF NEWPORT. NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS who have bills or accounts against the City of Newport are notified to present them on or before Wednesday December 15th, 1909, to the Departments for which they were contracted.

F. N. FULLERTON
12-11 City Clerk.

JUST PUBLISHED

Webster's NEW INTERNATIONAL Dictionary, (G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.) surpasses the old International as much as that book exceeded its predecessor. On the old foundation a new superstructure has been built. The reconstruction has been carried on through many years by a large force of trained workers, under the supervision of Dr. W. T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education, and reënforced by many eminent specialists. The definitions have been rearranged and amplified. The number of terms defined has been more than doubled. The etymology, synonyms, pronunciation, have received unsparing scholarly labor. The language of English literature for over seven centuries, the terminology of the arts and sciences, and the every-day speech of street, shop, and household, are presented with fullness and clearness. In size of vocabulary, in richness of general information, and in convenience of consultation, the book sets a new mark in lexicography.

400,000 words and phrases.
6000 illustrations.
2700 pages.

Ask your bookseller for the NEW INTERNATIONAL or write to the publishers for Specimen Pages.
You will do us a favor to mention this publication.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed of personal property made and executed by John W. Dunn, of Fall River, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Thomas B. Connolly, of the city of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, dated August 18, 1908, and recorded in volume 11 of the mortgages of personal property of said city of Newport, at pages 54 and 55, the undersigned will sell at public auction on TUESDAY, December 14, 1909, at twelve o'clock noon, in front of the premises, No. 41 Long Wharf, in said city of Newport, all of the personal property described in and conveyed by the said mortgage deed and of which the undersigned is now in possession, consisting of one two-story frame building, situate on the northerly side of Long Wharf in said city of Newport, occupied as a store and tenement and being No. 41 and 43 Long Wharf, said building being located on land owned by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company.

And the undersigned hereby gives notice that he intends to bid on said personal property at said sale thereof or at any adjournment or postponement of said sale.

THOMAS B. CONNOLLY,
JOHN C. BURKE, Mortgagee.
Attorney for Mortgagee 11-20-4w

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

Mr. William R. Hunter is expected to return from Europe some time before Christmas.

XMAS PRESENTS

The finest line we have ever had of Xmas Cards, Novelties and Books. Prices within reach of all.

Why not buy a book? Can you conceive of a more appropriate gift?

GEO. H. CARR,
DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, November 27th, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, Administrator de bonis non, with the will annexed, of the estate of DAVID A. PATT, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

11-27-3w FRANK W. TILLINGHAST.

FARMERS' WEEK,

R. I. STATE COLLEGE,

December 28-31, 1909.

Demonstrations and practical talks upon the following subjects:

Dec. 28—Manures and Fertilizers, Chemical, Farm, and Green Manures.
Dec. 29—Corn, Growing and Handling the Crop. Seed Corn Selection, by N. Howard Brewer, Hockanum, Conn.
Dec. 30—Feeding Farm Animals, Types and Breeds for Rhode Island.
Dec. 31—Sanitary Milk Production, Herd Testing, Babcock Test for Butter Fat.

Sessions will begin at 9.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M., each day.

Those attending are requested to bring with them ten ear samples of corn for judging. Samples of milk are also requested.

Expenses: Table board and room for those who wish to remain at the college, $1.00 per day; single meals 25c.

Any one interested is invited to attend.

A circular giving further details about the course will be mailed on application to the

R. I. STATE COLLEGE,
11-27-5w KINGSTON, R. I.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

POSTPONED MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

WILL BE SOLD at Public Auction on Wednesday, December 15th, 1909, at 3 o'clock p. m., (said sale having been postponed from December 4th, 1909, at the same hour) at Little Compton, R. I., on the premises hereinafter described, by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage deed made by Henry F. Caso, bearing date of May 6th, 1906, and recorded in the records of Land Evidence in the town of Little Compton, in the county of Newport and State of Rhode Island, in real estate mortgage book No. 19, page 355, the conditions of said mortgage having been broken:

A certain farm or tract of land situated in the Town of Little Compton aforesaid, about one mile south of Adamsville with a dwelling house and other buildings thereon, together with all the property of whatever description we have on said farm.

Said farm is bounded Southerly on land now or formerly of Nathaniel Gifford; Northerly on said Nathaniel Gifford's land, and land belonging to the heirs of Joseph Gifford; Easterly and Westerly on roads, containing by estimation twenty acres be the same more or less.

Being the same premises conveyed to Leander S. Taber by Charles L. Simmons, March 21th, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Book No. 15, page 204, of the land records for said Town of Little Compton.

By order of the owners and holders of said mortgage who hereby give notice of their intention to bid at said sale or at any postponement or adjournment thereof.

Providence, R. I. Nov. 9th, 1909.
WASHINGTON R. PRESCOTT,
406 Industrial Trust Bld'g., Prov.,
11-13-4w Attorney for the Mortgagees.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel.
W. G. PECKHAM,
12-17 Westfield, N. J

Dr. Douglas P. A. Jacoby will sail for Europe on Tuesday next for a few months' study in Germany. He will probably return in May.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-21-tf

USE Diamond Hill BIRD —AND— Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST, White and Clean, INSURES Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

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Newport, R. I.
5-2-tf

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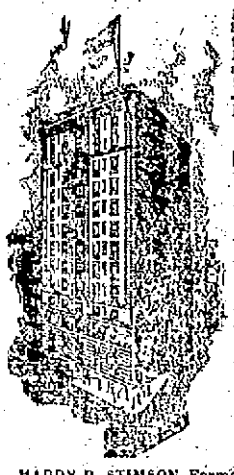

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All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs

Ten minutes' walk to 20 Theatres.

Excellent Restaurant Prices moderate.

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HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial.
R. J. BINGHAM, Formerly with Hotel Woodward.

Only New York Hotel window-screened throughout.

5-29—tf

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Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable.
Fire-Resisting.

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CONGO Never-Leak Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,
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A Full Line of all the NEW AND Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

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